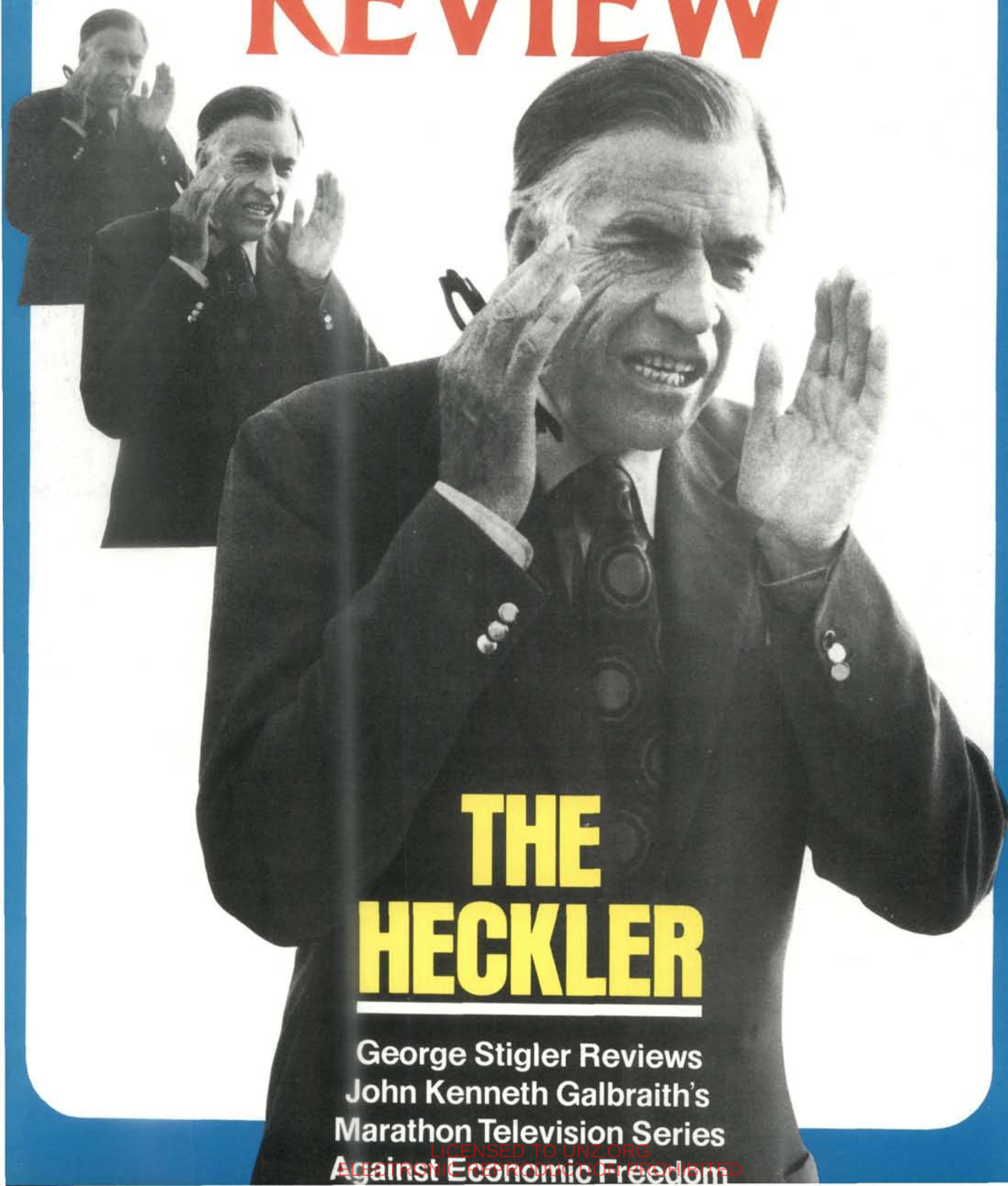


NATIONAL REVIEW



THE HECKLER

George Stigler Reviews
John Kenneth Galbraith's
Marathon Television Series
Against Economic Freedom

If you want to know how good a car really is, there's one pretty fool-proof way to find out.

Ask some people who own it.

A leading independent research company recently did just that.

They asked thousands of new car buyers across the country how they felt about their cars after they'd had a chance to own them.

The results are interesting. Volvo owners

were more satisfied with their cars than were the owners of any Detroit car. And that includes all 56 domestic makes from G.M., Ford, Chrysler and American Motors.

So if you're in the market for one of these 56, this study could give you

pause.

Time enough to visit a Volvo dealer and look into buying a Volvo.

A lot of people before you have been very satisfied that they did.



VOLVO OWNERS ARE MORE SATISFIED THAN THE OWNERS OF ANY GENERAL MOTORS, FORD, CHRYSLER, OR AMC CAR.

VOLVO

© 1977 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION. LEASING AVAILABLE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

“There are always hopeful factors that mitigate disaster. Monitor editorials are not defeatist. We try to keep readers galvanized—let them know there’s something they can do.”



*Charlotte Saikowski
Chief Editorial Writer
The Christian Science Monitor*

As Chief Editorial Writer, Charlotte Saikowski continues to fuse the humane understanding with the persistent probing that she brought to her international reporting in Tokyo, Moscow, and Washington.

Her trademark was meeting the people, and her Soviet reporting brought her a 1973 Overseas Press Club award and a 1973 Sigma Delta Chi award.

Now the Saikowski world perspective pervades her editorials—editorials that can also pack an uncommon kind of punch. They reveal the (sometimes surprising) hopeful elements in the grimmest situations. They seek to show whatever constructive action is possible.

This is news, the way you need it—constructive, solution-oriented reporting on today’s significant regional, national, and international events.

Make the Monitor your key daily news source by subscribing today. Simply use the attached card. Or call toll free: **800-225-7090**. Or return the coupon.

News. The way you need it.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
Box 125, Astor Station, Boston, MA, U.S.A. 02123

Please start the Monitor coming in the mail every Monday through Friday.

- ☐ 3 months \$12.50 ☐ 9 months \$37.50
☐ 6 months \$25 ☐ One year, only \$45, a \$5 savings
☐ Check/money order enclosed* ☐ Bill me later

Name (please print)

Address

City

State/Country

ZIP/Post Code

*Outside U.S.A. use current local exchange rate.

E29



STIGLER
Page 601



CHAMBERLAIN
Page 608



RANDALL
Page 619



SOBRAN
Page 622



HAZELTON
Page 623



EVANS
Page 626

ARTICLES

601 John Kenneth Galbraith's Marathon Television Series

In *The Age of Uncertainty*, Professor Galbraith, an expert on everything but uncertainty, offers a rambling chronicle of lesser mortals' blind but ineluctable groping toward socialism. He has learned to regard with tolerant irony the rest of mankind's failure to keep up with him. All very charming, says a noted colleague, but what Galbraith gives us is erratic fiscal folk-wisdom and cracker-barrel macroeconomics.

George Stigler

605 The Case for Fiscal Irresponsibility

We have had the solution to our economic woes right under our noses since 1440, or whenever it was that Gutenberg, or whoever it was, invented the printing press.

Walter Howler

608 Lindbergh Was of the Twenties

He was not only an adventurer, but one of matchless skill: independent, apolitical, unapologetic, a supremely private hero.

John Chamberlain

611 Rhodesian Patrol

Beyond the rhetoric of self-determination, the deeds of Rhodesia's rebel "leaders" show what they really want for their putative "followers."

Jack Reardon

612 The Meaning of Brzezinski

In some quarters between here and Moscow, Carter's choice for national security advisor seems an augury of hope.

The Editors of Kultura

COLUMNS

600 What If with One Hand?

James Burnham

614 Back to McGuffey

Russell Kirk

615 The Spirit of America

Malachi B. Martin

BOOKS, ARTS, & MANNERS

616 The Virgins of Times Square

Gloria Emerson's new book about Vietnam shows her to be a moralist of the Puritan strain—less concerned with keeping the world tolerably civilized than with keeping her own soul immaculate, and cursing souls with grubbier preoccupations.

Chilton Williamson Jr.

619 The Vamp of Peking

Meet China's Jane Fonda—Mme. Mao.

Francis B. Randall

620 Equity or Chiasm?

Sharing the World's Resources errs—but lucidly and instructively.

Ernest van den Haag

620 The Solitude of Power

Ronald De Feo

622 Boy Meets Shiksa

Woody Allen is in love—with his own broken heart. Still hilarious, though.

M. J. Sobran Jr.

623 Eating Out in New York

Nika Hazelton

624 On Speed

How to watch a book.

D. Keith Mano

626 Dark Horses

Most of the Watergate culprits are still at large.

M. Stanton Evans

583 Letters

618 Random Notes

588 For the Record

630 On the Right

590 The Week

632 Trans-O-Gram

Cover photo by Jan Lukas



NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except for two issues in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc., 1977. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: \$34.00 a year (\$19.00 for the 48-page issues, and \$15.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add \$2.00 for Canada, \$4.00 for other foreign subscriptions. The editors cannot be responsible for un-

solicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*

William A. Rusher *Publisher*

James P. McFadden *Associate Publisher*

Editors

James Burnham / Jeffrey Hart

Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*

Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*

Contributing Editors

John R. Coyne Jr. (*Washington*)

W. H. von Dreele

Ernest van den Haag

Nika Hazelton

James Jackson Kilpatrick

Kevin Lynch (*Articles*)

D. Keith Mano / Malachi B. Martin

Gerhart Niemeyer

William F. Rickenbacker / Francis Russell

M. J. Sobran Jr.

Chilton Williamson Jr.

(*Books, Arts, & Manners*)

Associates

Carol B. Learsy / Laurie Prothro

Jane Buckley Smith

Jeanne Wacker / Timothy J. Wheeler

Robin Wu *Research Director*

James W. O'Bryan *Art Director*

Anna Lieber *Production Editor*

John K. Syze *Circulation Manager*

Advertising Director

Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Assistant Publisher

Edward A. Capano

Contributors

Aram Bakshian Jr. / C. D. Batchelor

Ruth Berenson

David Brudnoy / John Chamberlain

Jack Chatfield / Miles Copeland

Neal Freeman / Victor Gold

John Greenway / Henry Hazlitt

John Kiley / Suzanne La Follette

Vincent Miller / Ferdinand Mount

Daniel Oliver / Alan Reynolds

Morrie Ryskind / William S. Schlamm

Ralph de Toledano

Charles Wallen Jr.

George F. Will

Peter P. Witonski / Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

Foreign Contributors

Anthony Lejeune *London*

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*

Mary Martinez *Rome*

Taki Theodoracopulos *Athens*

Donald Coxé *Toronto*

Nena Ossa *Santiago*



Letters

This World So Wide

Norman Hannah's terminology ["The Five Worlds of Detente," May 13] was a bit hard to get used to: suddenly First, Second, and Third Worlds meant Western Europe, the Soviet bloc, and the Red Chinese bloc, respectively, with what we normally call the Third World renamed Fourth, and the U.S. and Japan dubbed the Fifth World. But the slight adjustment of focus the article required was well repaid: "the world image" Mr. Hannah has offered clarifies any number of points, such as the differences, in terms of their methods and talents for imperializing, between the two Communist blocs (remember how the Red Chinese started off with a bang in Africa in the early Seventies, but seem now to have given way to the Soviets?), and the differences—which are concealed by the usual blanket term "The West"—between the U.S. and Western Europe. His convincing defense of his nomination of Turkey as the centerpiece of world affairs was rather unsettling, given the way American policy toward Turkey has been lolling back and forth for the last two years without ever getting it clear what the priorities are in that part of the world. If, as Cato reported recently, NATIONAL REVIEW turns up in President Carter's regular press summary, I hope he and his staff pay particular attention to this article.

Washington, D.C.

JOHN PEEL

Congressmen and Our Money

Regarding the article "President Carter and the Honeymooners" [April 15] by John Drake and Svend Petersen: Bravissimo! I beg, implore, and entreat you to continue with a series of like articles on everybody in the House and Senate, or maybe every elected official in the whole U.S.! Possibly you could print up the information in a pamphlet and use it as a subscription goodie.

However you do it, if you get the goods and disseminate them, out of pure gratitude I will extend my subscription to NR forever.

Beaumont, Calif.

LANCE GILLESPIE

Representative M. Robert Carr (D.), of the 6th District in the state of Michigan, was listed in the Drake & Petersen article as a big spender. True to form, Carr has just purchased a \$125,000 twin engine private plane to "get him back and forth between his district and Washington."

Carr desires to see his constituents as often as possible, and commercial airlines seem to hassle his schedule. But he is in the process of purchasing a \$115,000 house near the Capitol in Washington

(which he presumably won't have time to live in if he's flying back here all the time). I would think that Carr, as a Democrat, would act in accordance with Carter's fuel conservation programs. But when Carr gets a chance to spend money—well, as Drake & Petersen realized, irrationality sets in.

East Lansing, Mich.

THEODORE HALM

I hope Svend Petersen's article-writing doesn't mean he's retiring from the Trans-O-Gram. That puzzle is addictive, and the thought of doing without my fortnightly fix is too painful to contemplate. If I were a raging left-wing ochlocrat, I would still subscribe to NR for it. Not only is it challenging, but Petersen gives his puzzle the bonus ingredient of wit. May he continue it for life and may he live forever.

Tenafly, N.J.

MARY GAUERKE

GOP: Quick or Dead?

The three essays on the state of the Republican Party [March 18] may be the blow needed for the kill. In my opinion all they accomplished was to enhance Mr. Rusher's advocacy of a new party, which I support.

The problem, as I see it, is not with the set of "principles," but rather with the specific meaning of each principle. This is what the electorate, the vast conservative majority, wants to know. Just what do we really mean by and how do we propose to accomplish:

1. political freedom?
2. economic freedom?
3. liberty of the individual?
4. a free market economy?
5. fiscal and financial responsibility in government?
6. limited government?

These are the issues. Let's get on with it!

Media, Pa.

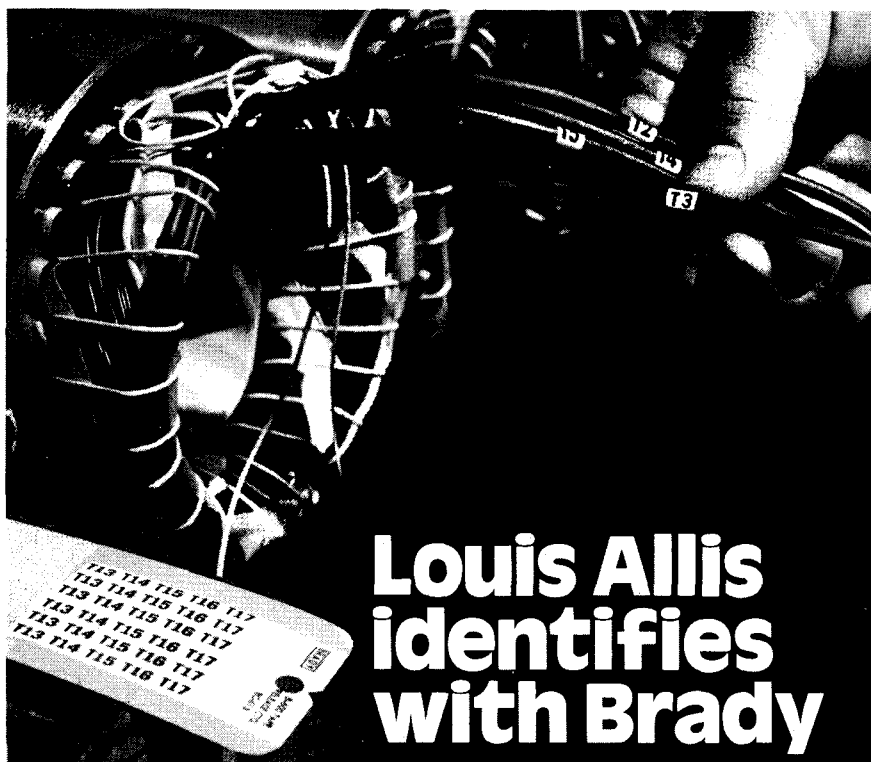
RICHARD W. HARMON

Listen, Clare Boothe Luce; take heed, Ernest van den Haag; for Jeffrey Hart does write: "It boggles the mind to reflect on the fact that from Nixon and Ford we got four Midwestern WASPs on the Supreme Court. That is not politics. That is Republicanism, the aroma of Burning Tree and Palm Springs." If you want to take up a collection to send a copy of that article to every Republican politician, committee to free America from the working class, and so on, I'll send in my two bits.

Allentown, Pa.

DON SCHENK

Mr. van den Haag touched upon but failed to address one of the principal causes of the failure of the Republican Party. He states that Americans have gained "per-

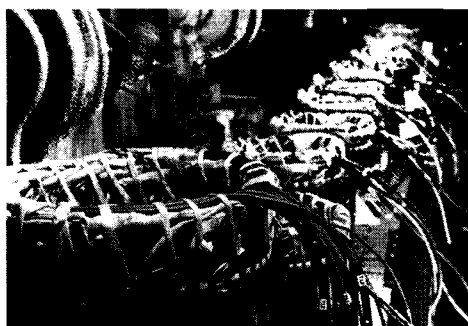


Louis Allis identifies with Brady

...to be sure!

When a foremost manufacturer of electric motors selects an OEM component, he demands the same high quality he has built his own reputation on. That's why Louis Allis uses Brady wire markers exclusively. Every one of the thousands of motors produced each week by this Milwaukee firm is identified with Brady markers.

Why Brady? Because they are "the identification people" — the most experienced, the most complete producer



of pressure-sensitive wire markers. Brady job-engineered adhesives stick under all environmental conditions. They offer the widest choice of materials, sizes, adhesives and overcoatings to meet any wire marking requirement. And Brady has a complete line of accessory equipment to help speed production. Application is simple and fast. More, Brady wire markers meet OSHA, NEMA, NECA,

JIC and military specifications.

You should know all about Brady wire and cable markers — to be sure! Write "Wire Marking Systems", W. H. Brady Co., 2221 W. Camden Road, Milwaukee, WI 53201.

the
identification
people

BRADY®

W. H. Brady Co. EST 1914
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS DIVISION

WIRE AND CABLE MARKERS & ACCESSORIES • CUSTOM MADE MARKERS • PRE-CUT MASKS, TAPES & QUALITY SELF-STICKING IDENTIFICATION • DISTRIBUTORS WORLDWIDE

haps too much" freedom in the areas of culture, politics, privacy, and sex. In saying this, Mr. van den Haag supports the essential contradiction of the Republican Party; that is, it claims to believe in liberty, yet this belief manifests itself only in economic areas, not social ones. This produces situations in which Republican candidates say, as did Ronald Reagan, that the government has no right to interfere with individual business transactions freely entered into; while, in the next breath, the same candidate states that the individual does not have the right to smoke marijuana or to engage in consensual adult actions within the confines of his home. Yet Mr. van den Haag wonders why the Republican "message" is not perceived clearly by the electorate!

The Republican Party, if it is to exist, must learn that freedom is freedom, regardless of where it lies. And if the Republican Party wants to project the image of concern for individual liberties, then it can begin by defending *all* liberties, not just a few.

Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

ROGER BARRIS

Media as Overlord

NR editorially criticizes South Africa's action of curtailing press freedom by the elaboration of a code ["The Week," April 1]. In the same issue, M. Stanton Evans favorably mentions Epstein's and Friendly's respective books which document media abuse of information. All those mentioned—NR, Evans, Epstein, and Friendly—deplore the abuses *and* oppose government intervention. I am not judging the merits of this position when I remind you that in its wider political context the problem cannot be so dismissed.

In my reading of Western history, political or politicized pressure groups, when grown beyond a certain threshold of tolerance, are curtailed either by legislation or by revolution. This was true of feudal power, Church power, royal power. Now the issue is this: Has press power—media power—not grown to the size of the previous concentrations? Our concepts about press freedom are still informed by ideals from Ben Franklin's time, when the local newspaper was both a fighter against despotism *and*, in many instances, a literary/philosophical sheet. Its rights were validated by concern for political freedom combined with concern for the freedom of literature and the arts.

Can anyone seriously suggest that today's massive media are anything but gigantic *political* pressure groups? For decades, several French papers were subsidized by Czarist Russia; in the Twenties by Mussolini. Other examples abound. The modern media are, in most respects feudal-type power concentrations. Granted we are all for freedom; yet are you so sure that the fate of former power-focuses will not—should not—overcome the present varieties also?

New York, N.Y.

THOMAS MOLNAI

Fissiparous Paragraph

Re your paragraph ["The Week," April 29] concerning President Carter's decision on the fast-breeder reactor and plutonium fuel cycle:

1. Plutonium does not pose "unresolved storage problems." The problem evolves, as most do, to the question of how much protection you need at what cost.

2. There is virtually *no* tritium in sea-water. The tritium required as a fuel for a deuterium-tritium fusion reaction must be "bred" in the reactor blanket by the neutron capture of lithium.

3. The problem in a fusion reactor is not the "control" of the thermonuclear reaction, but rather its maintenance (very unlike the case of a fission reactor). If anything goes wrong in the reaction plasma, the reaction simply ceases all by itself.

These errors of fact are, however, trivial compared with your errors of implication. To say "the solution to our energy problem lies in the development of fusion power" is, to myself as a researcher actively engaged in fusion research, ludicrously wrong-headed in the context of the present and near-future energy situation.

1. Fusion is not an alternative to the fast-breeder, but rather an adjunct, or better, a successor, to it. The energy crisis in the U.S. is likely to reach its critical point in the early to middle 1980s. The commercial usability of fusion power might be hastened somewhat by a massive, spend-like-hell infusion of federal money (which in most contexts you seem generally to oppose), but, even then, it is highly unlikely that we would have a commercial fusion power reactor before, say, 1995.

2. A fusion reactor will have its own storage problem with the tritium it uses and generates. Although not chemically poisonous as plutonium is, it is a long-half-life beta emitter which has many pathways into biological organisms through its ready exchange with normal hydrogen in water molecules. Additionally, tritium generated in the reactor has a disturbing tendency to diffuse through structural materials.

3. Ending the breeder program won't end the plutonium "problem." By far the major production of plutonium occurs in the weapons program, which, by the way, is conveniently free of NRC regulation. I haven't noticed you editorially calling for curtailment of the weapons program because of its "unresolved storage problems." Perhaps the Periodic Table of the Elements could be revised to differentiate between "good" bomb plutonium and "bad" electric power plutonium.

Lynchburg, Va. T. A. THORNTON
Lynchburg Research Center
Babcock & Wilcox

My own feeling is that the government will be as successful in solving the problems of nuclear energy as it has been in every other endeavor. One has only to

look at the examples of Amtrak, the U.S. military action in Southeast Asia, the Postal Service, the 55 mph speed limit, the specter of mandatory airbags, Mr. Carter's \$50 tax rebate, Mr. Ford's continued refusal to rule out running for President in 1980, or the proposals to control inflation, to get a renewed feeling of confidence.

Memphis, Tenn. WILLIAM H. WINGO

Making Glad the Heart of Man

Since I thoroughly enjoy the history of wine, the mechanics of its amazing manufacture, and stories about the generally beautiful country where it grows, I was delighted with Nika Hazelton's article on Napa Valley [April 1], surely one of the few remaining really nice places.

Our company annually publishes a pocket diary that is used by our employees and friends. In the past two years, we have added a vintage chart on French, German, and California wines for our more vinous associates, and it seems to be a popular addition. The ratings are based on a lot of data we and our friends have collected over the years. Although we are clearly amateur oenophiles, it is always great fun putting the chart together; no one *ever* agrees on the ratings, but, interestingly, the California ratings are especially controversial.

Calgary, Alberta J. RICHARD HARRIS

As one who, in an untutored way, derives considerable enjoyment from drinking California wines, I agree with Nika Hazelton's observation that the California wine industry needs stricter standards of quality, rules on labeling, etc. But why federal, or for that matter state, regulations?

As consumers we have the option of not purchasing a second time any brand or variety that proves inferior, thereby sending an effective message to the producer through the marketplace. But if government gets into the act, it is sure to botch the job, just as it does with everything else it regulates. Not to mention the fact that government regulation means red tape for the wine industry, causing higher prices, and one more government bureaucracy, causing higher taxes.

This wine drinker prefers *caveat emptor* to *caveat taxpayer*. Let the industry voluntarily regulate itself with the assistance of Adam Smith's "invisible hand."

RAYMOND J. LAJEUNESSE JR.
Arlington, Va.

On Students and Taxpayers

Mr. Geoffrey Wagner's discussion of publicly supported student aid programs, "Fund One, Fund All" [March 18], is painfully accurate, but does tend to imply that *all* of us college folk are living on the dole. This, I can authoritatively say, is untrue. For those of us from upper-middle income families—affluent enough to exceed all income ceilings for aid, but

ANYONE WHO LIKES TO READ WILL WANT THIS LIST

National Review's special Reading List of Important Books points the way to good reading for anyone interested in America, past and present (of course, it's a *must* for students).

This list was compiled by the editors of *National Review* as a strong dissent from the "Big Brother" list published by the American Library Association. The ALA list suffers from considerable political and cultural bias. As it stands, it is seriously defective both in quality and in its left-leaning tendencies. It demands an answer.

Well, here it is. NR's reading list contains almost 300 listings, complete with thumb-nail descriptions of the most important books, and includes detailed criticism of the ALA list — very helpful, and something you won't find anywhere else.

Now you can get this list in handy reprint form for just \$1 per copy (we'll pay the postage and handling involved). You probably know at least several people who should have this eye-opening reading list — certainly every student you care about should have a copy! Use the coupon below to order right now while they're still available.

National Review, Dept. L

150 East 35 Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Please send me _____ copies of your NR Reading List, for which I enclose \$_____. (Please enclose payment of \$1 per copy—thank you—we pay all postage and handling.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Victor Lasky stacks Nixon's credibility against that of

LBJ who came to Washington broke, never left government service, yet still amassed a multi-million dollar fortune... who, says Lasky, used spies against Goldwater in 1964... who wiretapped his political opponents regularly.

JFK who used the IRS to harass people on his own "enemies list"... who, says Lasky, won the 1960 election with grand scale voter fraud in Chicago... and whose extracurricular sexual activity while President was well known to the press corps, but kept secret from the public.

FDR who used the FBI to dig up dirt on his enemies... who tapped the home phones of some of his top advisors... who, Lasky says, violated civil liberties on a wholesale basis.

The author of *JFK: THE MAN AND THE MYTH* has written an explosive, documented book. It offers "smoking gun" proof that the same news-media people who dramatically *uncovered* Nixon's sins had for years cheerfully joined in *covering up* the scandals, deceptions, dirty tricks and illegalities of Democratic administrations. Lasky also builds a strong case for his contention that Watergate, in the final analysis, was a media event—created to topple a President as sinned against as sinning. It's not a story everyone will enjoy. It is a book you cannot afford to ignore.

IT DIDN'T START WITH WATERGATE

VICTOR LASKY

By the author of *'JFK: THE MAN AND THE MYTH'*
Main Selection of The Conservative Book Club
\$10.00 at bookstores

 **THE
DIAL
PRESS**
DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.

hardly able to finance college educations with abandon—need-based financial programs are a joke. Nonetheless, they may be having an inadvertently beneficial side-effect. By requiring the progeny of the middle class, which class I hold to be the foundation of national well-being, to work for themselves and thereby learn the true value of a dollar, our student aid plans may be building a stronger, more resourceful, more conservative middle class for the future.

Placentia, Calif.

ROBERT K. OLSEN

I have read the review by Jeffrey Hart of Geoffrey Wagner's book *The End of Education* [April 1], and I would like to tell you that what Mr. Wagner says in his book about the students and faculty at City College is absolutely not true.

I am currently attending City College evenings and therefore can tell you this from experience.

If I didn't have the utmost respect for the faculty's professional ability and character, I wouldn't be traveling by subway from Queens, six hours a week, in order to attend City College.

Richmond Hill, N.Y.

C. HADO

... To Make You See

Your discussion of Saul Bellow's Nobel address ["The Week," Jan. 7] was itself a "mish-mash," if not simply wrong on some points. The obscurity, even repulsiveness, of "art" today was mirrored in your phrase: "the creation of self-as-artist under circumstances of maximum freedom." The author of this opaque statement seems to have sought to include in one sentence all the most ugly and commonplace intellectual secret words. Such writing, as much as that of any HEW bureaucrat, suffuses that soft, reassuring glow that lulls thought to sleep; its glibness becomes its very meaning.

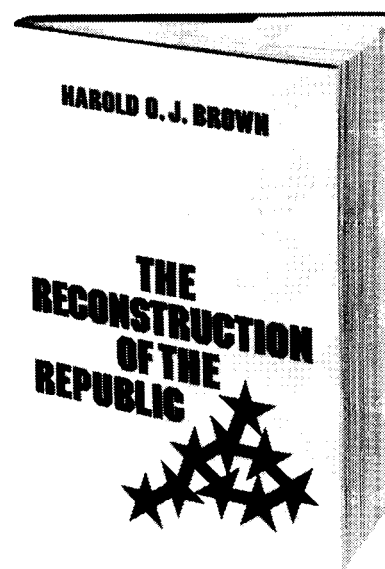
Why can't "artists" simply tell stories? This may be a way of putting Mr. Bellow's quarrel with post-Romantic literature. Any stories, but of course paradigmatically the greatest stories, hold before us in suspension human life as such. It is indeed the "simple" that we find most striking within stories, for the simplest human activities are the most profound, inexhaustible, and wonderful of all. The greatest stories are those that plumb the depths of love, friendship, honor, courage, and the like, while nonetheless maintaining the immediacy of human action and passion.

Nietzsche's doctrine of creation for the overman has now become just another piece of equipment for the last men, the intellectuals, to gain glory by dazzling the multitude with sophisms. Perhaps what Mr. Bellow might have said is that artists should become poets again; cease caring about being adored as creator or finding freedom in self-realization and help us all see the beauty on our own doorsteps.

Columbus, Ohio

DOUG MAYER

HAROLD O. J. BROWN MAY BE THE MOST BRILLIANT MINISTER WRITING TODAY. BUT DON'T THINK HIS NEW BOOK IS ONLY FOR CHURCHGOING PROTESTANTS.



America's Christians have become second-class citizens, observes seminary professor Harold O. J. Brown. Unfortunately, he adds, Christians have only themselves to blame. Every other group, from organized labor to Gay Liberation, demands its say in public policy. But Christians have defaulted. Instead of acting as the salt of the earth and the light of the world, the churches have withdrawn into a snug shell of personal piety.

In this carefully reasoned book, Dr. Brown explodes the fallacy, still held by many evangelical Christians, that "religion and politics don't mix." Our Republic was founded on biblical principles. Christians took an active part in framing our laws and establishing our state and federal governments. Although men like Jefferson and Franklin were influenced by secular humanism, it was not until recently that this creed got the upper hand in our public life. One ominous sign of the times: when the Supreme Court approved abortion on demand, it brushed aside the entire Judeo-Christian tradition to embrace a practice of ancient paganism.

Can America recover her biblical heritage? Harold Brown believes we can. Combining scholarship with a lively pen, he confronts the tough questions and gives us *Christian* answers on crime and punishment, the link between economic and political freedom, bureaucracy, the family, public versus private morality, bussing, ERA, inflation, welfare, sex education, the strategic military balance, national versus individual guilt, and the failure of the public schools.

The Call to Christian Action

- "Unless we control our appetites, we cannot control our government. We certainly cannot expect it to limit itself, because it senses our appetites far more

strongly than it is persuaded by our claims that we are tired of bureaucracy, taxes, and government interference."

- "America cannot exist as a community of individuals. Two hundred-odd million are too many for that. But it can exist as a fellowship of communities, if the communities know their calling and measure up to it."
- "Christians should by no means exclusively support other Christians [for public office], but it is certainly reasonable for them to inquire, when confronted with a Christian candidate, about the way his practice corresponds to his posture."
- "Christians, as Christians, are accepting second-class status and are effectively disfranchised as American citizens."

Leading evangelical challenges Christians to return our country to her Pilgrims' pride

- Justice Harry Blackmun: "the Herod of the Bicentennial"
- Does capital punishment deter killers? What the Bible says
- Hidden dangers of the Equal Rights Amendment

- The Wayne Hays affair: should congressmen live up to a tougher standard than their constituents?
- Must Christians always obey the government?
- Why bureaucrats prey on the middle class
- Our strengths and weaknesses: soberly, how do they now balance out, to a Christian?
- Crime and the collapse of Christian morality
- Why capitalism and democracy are losing
- Our declining military strength: is *this* Christian?
- Why our leaders care so little about Christians behind the Iron Curtain
- How the Supreme Court sabotages private schools
- Why intellectuals feel so guilty about American prosperity
- Prayer in the public schools: what does it really accomplish?
- Britain: is this the precedent for America?
- America's "double vision": humanists and Christians among the Founding Fathers
- Justice without punishment?
- How to halt runaway Big Government
- Was America ever a Christian nation?
- How we can recover our spiritual heritage



CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

165 Huguenot Street, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801

Please send FREE *The Reconstruction of the Republic* by Dr. Harold O. J. Brown and accept my membership in the Conservative Book Club—the only book club for political conservatives. I agree to buy 3 books from among the more than 150 to be offered in the next 15 months, after which I may resign at any time. Membership entitles me to a free subscription to the Club Bulletin, which brims with news of interest to conservatives. I am eligible to buy Club books at discounts of 20% to 94% plus shipping—books on politics, social issues, religion, economics, conservative ideas, Communism, history, etc. If I want the monthly Selection I do nothing; it will come automatically about one month later. If I don't want the Selection, or I prefer one of the Alternates, I merely inform you on the handy form always provided. I'll be offered a new Selection every 24 days—15 times a year.

NR 613

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE _____

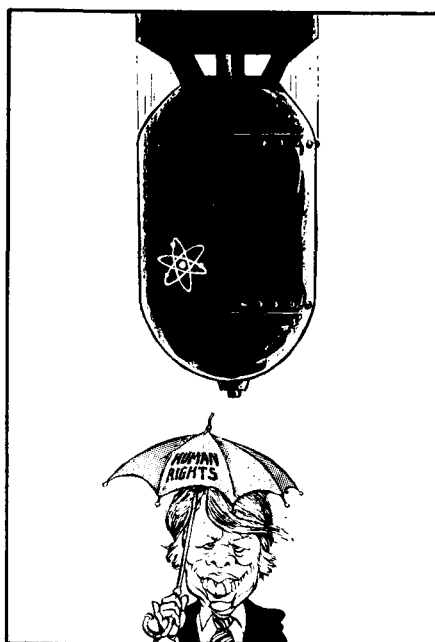
ZIP _____

☐ I don't care to join the Club but I enclose \$8.95. Please send *The Reconstruction of the Republic* postpaid. 30-day return privilege.

FOR THE RECORD

■ The frustration of big-spending liberal Democrats over **Jimmy Carter's** fiscal policies erupted at the ADA convention last week. **George McGovern's** diatribe against Carter got the biggest press, but the major threat to the President was uttered by ADA national director **Leon Schull**. He warned Carter that if he didn't follow policies that the liberal movement deems best for the country, then "that liberal movement, with the ADA in the forefront, will go into the opposition [as it did during the Presidency of **Lyndon Johnson**]." . . . Carter is not being helped with Left Democrats by statements such as House Minority Leader **John Rhodes's** that on balancing the budget, "the President sounds so Republican I'm overwhelmed." . . . Or such as Democrat **Thomas Foley's** (Wash.), that "it took Nixon to go to China, and it may take a Democrat to balance the budget." . . . Recent CBS-*New York Times* polls show that whereas 32 per cent of the electorate considered Carter a liberal before the election, only 20 per cent do now. In addition, the poll shows that 48 per cent of those who voted for **Ford** in November are pleased with the way Carter is handling the Presidency. . . . The House and Senate leadership has dumped on Democratic Whip Sen. **Alan Cranston** for giving informal briefings to the press after the weekly Tuesday morning breakfast meetings the leadership has with Carter. It was Cranston who revealed the astonishment of the old-line liberals when Carter told them his first priority was balancing the budget.

■ Republican opposition to various Carter initiatives finally shaping up. Gerald Ford has now come out against the instant registration plan because you can't do it without "encouraging fraud." **Ronald Reagan** is even more forcefully against it. "It's a scheme to institutionalize one-party rule in the



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco
"Not to worry."

United States [and it would render] the Republican Party as dead as a dodo bird." . . . In addition to which the people are against it according to the latest **Gallup**, which finds Americans opposed by 55 to 40 per cent. Democrats (who would gain by instant registration) oppose it 53 to 43 per cent, Republicans oppose it 67 to 30 per cent. . . . Sometime Energy Czar **William Simon** (in the Ford Administration) is very much against Carter's energy program because it would, he says, "lead to a massive intrusion of government into the most critical sector of our economy" and eventually result "in a national energy police state." . . . Senate Minority Leader **Howard Baker** calls the program "defeatist," "essentially a taxing system." . . . The reaction of radical Rep. **John Conyers** (D., Mich.) of the Black Caucus is that the Carter program does not go far enough. "What," he asks, "about price control? What about nationalization?" (What about suicide?)

■ About the **Nixon-Frost** shows. An ABC poll following the first found that although 51 per cent of the people felt Nixon did not tell the truth, 67 per cent felt that he defended himself as well as he could. . . . **Henry Kissinger** refused to be pinned down on the first show, except to comment that it wasn't **Haldeman** but Nixon himself who was responsible for his isolation. He feared meeting new people. But Kissinger did say that he thought Nixon would talk rings around Frost in the foreign-policy segment.

■ Some ups and downs: The **American Civil Liberties Union** office in NYC found itself picketed the other day by poor people charging the ACLU with being the friend of criminals. "We've had enough, we've had enough," they chanted. . . . A new lobby has been set up in Washington, **Citizen's Choice**, to do for business what Common Cause does for the liberals and environmentalists. It's headed by **Jay Van Andel** of Amway, who hopes to get 200,000 dues-paying members. . . . **Constantine FitzGibbon's** frightening novel, *When the Kissing Had to Stop*, about the Communist takeover of Britain, is finally to be made into a movie, **Michael Cooper** producer. . . . And two summer schools for conservatives: the **Institute on Public Policy and Private Enterprise** is offering a week-long seminar June 12-18 at Grove City College, for teachers and other professionals (write Dr. **John Sparks**, Grove City College, Grove City, Pa. 16127), and the **ISI** three programs, South/East (Aug. 15-21), Midwest (Aug. 21-26), and West (Aug. 14-19). For info write: ISI, 14 South Bryn Mawr Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010. . . . And finally, from **Liechtenstein** (pop. 23,700) these jolly tidings. Its unemployment was down to 17 (people that is) last year; its gross national product totaled \$264 million, which means \$11,138 per capita.

Mr. President, we'd like to recommend these booklets for your energy program.



They're brief, they're factual, they're to the point.

And the electric companies have produced enough to instruct every man, woman, and child in the U.S. Literally, millions of printed pieces, over the past few years.

If everyone had acted on their suggestions, we'd be a longer way towards easing the energy crisis.

But the electric companies know that individual conservation can't do the job alone. So they're doing all they can to conserve, too.

That's why almost all of them have ceased building electric power plants fired by the critical fuels—petroleum and natural gas. Instead, they're now building plants based on noncritical fuels—coal and uranium.

That way, they won't be burning the raw materials that should be used for drugs, fertilizers, textiles, and other products.

What's more, the industry is now developing a national conservation plan, which will help people save even more precious energy.

It doesn't take much for individuals to help, either. To get information on how to conserve energy in the home, all they have to do is contact their local electric company.

Or write the Edison Electric Institute at the address below.

What each person does doesn't have to be a *big deal*. But if we all work together, we can accomplish a *great deal*.

**Edison Electric Institute
for the electric companies**

90 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

THE WEEK

■ Connecticut has named the praying mantis its state insect. They'd never have dared pull that under the Warren Court. The bug would have had to be renamed the supplicating mantis.

■ President Carter has frequently announced that the principal foreign policy goal of his Administration will be to promote human rights around the world. The House of Representatives, taking him at his word, voted to require U.S. representatives on international lending boards to deny loans to any country that violates human rights. When Carter protested that this approach was much too rigid, Herman Badillo (D., N.Y.) said, all wide-eyed innocence, that to retreat from this language would "signal to all countries that the words of Jimmy Carter have no meaning." And now the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, listening to what Carter meant instead of what he said, has substituted, for the House's language, an injunction to "use the voice and vote of the U.S. to advance the cause of human rights."

■ Last December, the election in the bag, Jimmy Carter got a 56-page memo from his campaign pollster, Patrick H. Caddell, urging him to bethink himself of 1980. "Too many good people have been beaten because they tried to substitute substance for style," Caddell warned. His counsel: get off to a quick start, imagebuildingwise, and head off potential Democratic rivals like Brown, Kennedy, and Udall. (The Republicans would take care of themselves.) Take care of the glitter and glamor, and let the issues cool their heels. The *New York Times* got hold of this, went slack-jawed with the scandal of it all,

Touring Ethiopia

Thirty Cubans, loosely sheeted
From the midday sun, were greeted
By a smiling Marxist colonel:
So reports my Sunday journal.
Soon, three hundred more "advisors"
(Trained at teaching terrorizers)
Will—the columnist continues—
Build upon the peasants' sinews.
Meanwhile, back in bleak Havana
Where the Cubans pray for manna,
Castro's chanting, "Gimme! Gimme!"
At our leader, friendly Jimmy.

W. H. VON DREELE

and drew the moral in a weekend summary headline: "The Nixon Legacy: Substance Is Second Priority, Style Is First."

■ The State Department was, predictably, seriously displeased by John Ashbrook's amendment to an authorization bill that would prohibit the use of any funds for the purpose of "negotiating reparations, aid, or any other form of payment to the Socialist Republic of Vietnam." In the Paris talks, the United States has already agreed to drop its opposition to Hanoi's entry into the United Nations; future talks are slated for a regularization of relations which would be followed by the dropping of the U.S. embargo on Vietnam. That far and no farther was the word Ashbrook meant to convey to the Administration. And the fact that the House passed the amendment by a vote of 266 to 131, after only ten minutes' debate, indicates it is also the feeling of the House at large—and, incidentally, of the nation.

■ Governor Carey has announced that if the New York legislature passes a new death penalty, he will veto; and if his veto is overridden, he will commute all death sentences. His reasons are humanitarian; but his position is constitutionally dubious. To use a discretionary power, intended for individual applications, as a means of frustrating the implementation of law is an instance of what used to be called (up until about August 1974) executive arrogance. Analogies come to mind: Nixon's impounding of federal housing funds; Andrew Jackson's brusque "Justice Marshall has made his decision; now let him enforce it." We raise the constitutional punctilio only because those whose vigilance over executive abuses has been so taxed of late seem to be drooping.

■ The continuing saga of Jorge McGovern, statesman, pilot, diplomat. When last we visited with the pride of South Dakota, we heard him urge the U.S. to lift its trade embargo against the Castro government. In this episode we hear our man confront Mr. Castro with a question about the human-rights situation in his country. There followed, *New Times* recounts, a 15-minute eruption in which the genial tyrant "recited a long history of American transgressions in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia" that came to a triumphant conclusion with: "Not one single prisoner has ever been tortured." At tirade's end, Jorge McGovern told *New Times*, he wondered to himself: "What the hell did I bring this up for?" Jorge McGovern knows we are the true villains.

■ As many of the nation's homemakers know, running a household smoothly and efficiently is no easy chore. Rosalynn Carter has discovered that keeping up the First Family's home is even more difficult. So she has employed an 18-member staff to help her out with all those tiresome little duties: arranging for guests and private entertainment, ordering out from the deli, calling the electrician when the fuses blow, taking care of Amy

For managing all this, and more, Madeline MacBean draws \$40,000 a year as Rosalynn's personal assistant, while the First Lady's press secretary, May Hoyt, receives \$45,000. Good help is just plain hard to come by these days.

■ The latest installment in the Patricia Hearst story has left Patty on five years' probation for her complicity in the SLA robbery and shooting incident at a Los Angeles sporting goods store in 1974. Public reaction to the lenient sentencing was predictably indignant, proof that the Hearst fortune, rather than the case's complex and bizarre history, remains the center of controversy. Fortunately, Supreme Court Judge E. Talbot Callister took into consideration Patty's SLA experience—the psychological coercion suffered, the total breakdown of her personality, the rejection of Patty by both the public and the radicals after her capture—before ruling on the case. In addition, Patty had fully cooperated with the law since her capture, to the extent of aiding in the conviction of her SLA "compatriots," the Harrises, for armed robbery. All these facts suggested that Patty neither represented a threat to society nor required further punishment for her crimes; and so Hizzonner decided.

■ All is not copacetic in the People's Republic of Angola. According to a recent dispatch in the *Christian Science Monitor*, Agostinho Neto and his MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola) are in even worse shape than they were when David Smith and Bruce McCollm (NR, Jan. 21) were in Angola. Quoting intelligence reports and evidence from returning travelers in Lisbon, the *Monitor* says that Neto and his Cuban allies are pretty much confined to Luanda and the other larger cities. "No traffic moves after nightfall and even during the day trucks can only move in convoy with military protection." Rather than pulling out his troops, Castro is said to be reinforcing them, and the Soviets are shipping in more tanks and armored carriers, and more drill instructors. In addition to Jonas Savimbi's UNITA, two other anti-Communist guerrilla movements are operating in Angola: one, a secessionist movement in oil-rich Cabinda which claims to hold two-thirds of that territory; and Holden Roberto's forces, now active in the north. Angola, which once looked like a clear-cut Communist victory, could just be turning into a Vietnamese lesion.

■ Nguyen Cong Hoan was so prominent an opponent of the American intervention in Vietnam and critic of the Thieu government that he was one of the few South Vietnamese to be named to the Vietnamese assembly when it was set up last winter. Now Hoan is a refugee, having fled one night even though it meant leaving his wife and four children behind, and he comments: "I realized that the Communists were worse than I had imagined. We wanted peace because people had suffered from war and political oppression under the old social institutions. But

now we realize we lost a precious thing—freedom. The American intervention was right. Just the manner was wrong. They supported a weak government." When an ammunition dump outside Saigon was blown up by resistance fighters on March 19 of this year, Hoan says, "The blast lasted four hours and shook all of Saigon. You should see the faces of the Saigonese when they hear explosions and gunfire now; they break out in smiles."

■ The Soviet Union is suffering an embarrassment of riches in Africa, which seems to many Western diplomats and pundits the only kind of embarrassment it is proper or necessary to afflict it with. The new Ethiopian government has signed agreements providing for friendship, money, and probably weapons to defend, as Tass puts it, "the revolutionary accomplishments of the Ethiopian people against internal and external reaction." The only rub is that the Soviets are also chummy with Somalia, which is still skirmishing with Ethiopia along the border. But these internal problems can be resolved when the empire is consolidated. By the way, Ethiopian "security forces" killed about three hundred antigovernment demonstrators in Addis Ababa the other day.

■ In response to a query from Senator Javits of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the State Department has identified Libya, Iraq, South Yemen, and Somalia as the nations most deeply involved in acts of international terrorism and in the aid and comfort of the terrorists. What have these nations in common? They are all client states of the Soviet Union.

■ When the drive to accord full diplomatic recognition to Communist China really gets going we will be treated to a new spate of stories on the glories of the New China and the New Man that Chairman Mao created. To counter that double-dipped propaganda blast, the ACU Education and Research Institute (422 First St. S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003) has brought up to date and reissued Richard Walker's *The Human Cost of Communism*, first released by the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security.

■ Back in 1965, when Abe Beame and John Lindsay were running for New York's mayoralty, they met, along with a third candidate, in televised debate. Twelve years later, both of them having by turns reduced the city to fiscal rubble, they are debating again—this time about whose fault it all is. First Beame said it was all Lindsay's fault for leaving him such a huge deficit. Then Lindsay said Beame, as city comptroller, had misled *him* on the size of the deficit and wasn't qualified for mayor and shouldn't run again. Then Beame said he was working 18-hour days seven days a week because of the mess he'd inherited from Lindsay and (switching from a roar to a whine) why didn't Lindsay even acknowledge his *share* of the blame as he, Beame, had. While Theirronnerz

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

For a time, it appeared that the old Agnewian debate over media bias had reached a new and reasonable plateau. The stake had been driven through Agnew's heart, the man in the iron mask was safely exiled to the Pacific Coast, and suddenly everyone seemed willing to relax and own up to a few simple home truths. Media bias? Of course there is media bias. Everyone in Washington knows it, and most reporters will admit it in private. But post-Watergate, many had begun to admit it publicly.

There were, for instance, journalists like Tom Bethell, contributing editor of the liberal *Washington Monthly*, writing pieces for magazines like *Harper's* that read for all the world like explications of the basic Agnew texts of the Sixties and Seventies. The national media, Bethell told us, echoing Agnew and the Patrick Moynihan of an earlier incarnation, are so powerful because of their unique relationship with government, and they abuse that power when they undertake to shape the policies that government sets. That, of course, more than liberal bias, was at the heart of the Agnew-Nixon-Moynihan critiques of the media. Such capers as the Pentagon Papers fencing operation, for instance, were viewed as dangerous not because of the information revealed, but rather because of the way in which the revealers had come to view their function. "The national press," Moynihan once wrote, "is hardly a 'value free' institution. It very much reflects the judgment of owners and editors and reporters as to what is good and bad about the country and what can be done to make things better."

It was this role, attempting to make things better according to its own ideological and political lights, that most troubled the critics of the performance of the national press. And it was refreshing that, in recent months, journalists such as Bethell seemed increasingly willing to discuss openly what was never admitted while the Nixonites held the White House.

And then, just when the debate had become gentlemanly and civil, Richard Nixon briefly broke out of Casa Pacifica, and suddenly it was 1974 again in Washington. The public here seemed about equally divided in its opinion of Nixon's attempt to shed his horns, but there was no doubt where the media stood. On commentaries after the show, he was variously referred to as a crook, a liar, a barbarian, and a drunk. And before the show, the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, in an attempt to discredit whatever Nixon might say in his own defense, bannered the front pages of their weekend editions with sensational stories about a new White House tape which was said to prove that Nixon was talking about "hush money" as early as January 1973.

But the problem was that the tape actually proved nothing of the sort. The version printed by the *Post* and *Times* was the transcript of a tape that had been carefully screened, edited, and rejected by the Watergate prosecutors, who agreed that because of the quality of the sound, it was impossible to determine whether the term "hush money" had actually been used.

It was, in short, a non-story which ended by casting more doubt on the men who wrote it and the papers that printed it than it did on Nixon's actions as President, and one immediate result was a rekindling of the debate on the

responsibilities of the media. Why, for instance, was the history of the tape not honestly discussed? And how did the press get hold of it? Those tapes, after all, are under court custody. Is an official of the courts illegally providing such material? Or is someone from the Watergate prosecutor's office illegally in possession of such material? Although they won't be answered, these and other related questions are once again being raised here. And the dishonest journalism with which the *Post* and the *Times* attempted to discredit Richard Nixon seems to have moved the whole media-bias debate back to square one.

■ Outside of the true believers on both sides, no one here is sure whether Nixon helped himself, hurt himself, or none of the above. But at the Republican National Committee, he was as welcome as Dracula at a blood bank. The RNC, which has been struggling manfully to refurbish its image and to make people forget it represents the party of Harding, Coolidge, and Nixon, is deeply disturbed about Republican prospects for 1978. Projected gains in the House are minimal, and many Republicans will view it as a moral victory if several more seats are not lost. In the Senate, the prospects are grim. The Democrats are expected to pick up the seat Robert Griffin is vacating. John Tower is in trouble in Texas, although he may be bailed out by opposition to Carter's energy package. And Jesse Helms, Ronald Reagan's favorite conservative senator, faces an uphill race against several well-known North Carolina Democrats, chief among them Luther Hodges Jr., son of the former governor.

—CATO

were bickering, we asked the other 1965 candidate if he'd care to comment. He replied, through a spokesman, that he had no political ambitions. He did not, however, rule out the possibility of a draft.

■ The Department of Agriculture is abolishing 11 of its 108 advisory boards for purposes of "efficiency." Hold the jokes. You don't know how hard it is to get along on just 97 advisory boards.

■ School authorities in Coppell, Texas, who would not recognize an educational experience if it flew in their ear, have suspended two students for wearing Farrah Fawcett-Majors T-shirts.

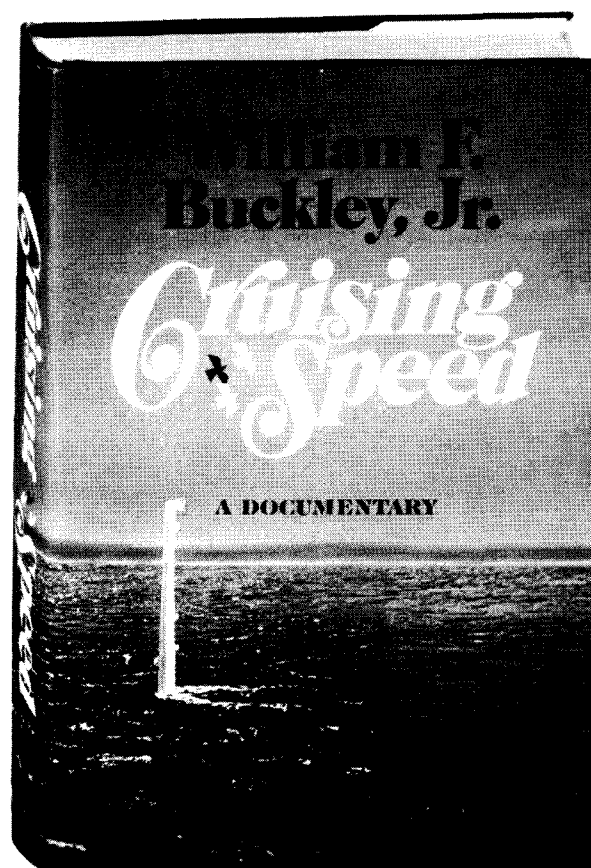
■ The Funeral Trade Commission is about to issue a

report recommending federal funeral regulations. Think of it: Federal interment procedures. Inspectors. Eulogy licenses. Environmental impact statements. Casket stuffers from the IRS reminding the decedent that if he can't take it with him it's taxable. . . . If you're dying to get away from it all, hurry.

■ The Consumer Products Safety Commission, citing the alarming fact that 0.008 per cent of the population are injured every year in matchbook-related accidents, has issued comprehensive matchbook regulations requiring that the striking surface be on the back, that the staple be so placed that it cannot be nicked by the match, and that the match must not protrude from the closed matchbook, must not crumble, or break, or delay for more than two seconds in igniting, or afterglow for

Get the original hardcover edition of this Buckley bestseller for only

 **95¢!**



Sounds incredible but you *can* get this famous book, in hardcover, for just 95¢ — if you take advantage of this *National Review* Special Savings Offer (see below). And “Cruising Speed” is well worth having. It’s a very personal book, a fascinating behind-the-scenes look at a “typical” week in Bill Buckley’s own fast-moving world.

There’s a phenomenal list of activity. You’ll accompany WFB to TV tapings, debates, lectures, concerts (even to an NR editorial conference). You’ll share the excitement of a lively debate with Ramsey Clark (his description of the debate reveals how Buckley, the debater, sizes up his opponents). Also included is the complete text of a speech he delivered at Yale—a real *tour de force*.

He reveals how he answers his voluminous correspondence, no small task as you’ll see. His replies are as concise and witty as you

have come to expect; indeed, the correspondence comprises a quotable book-within-a-book.

And that’s only the beginning! “Cruising Speed” is filled with opinions and reflections on just about everything imaginable—people, places, things. For example, there are comments on famous adversaries. *Firing Line* vignettes, even an account of how he got started writing a regular news column. And you’re taken right to the inside of *National Review* where you meet the staff, participate in editorial and rewriting sessions, beat the deadline,—you’ll observe all that it takes to publish each issue. As if that’s not enough there’s a treasury of typical Buckley-style quotes, just the thing to refer to for your own arguments.

Of course, the original hardcover edition of this unusual book is hard to get but, recently, we have had the good fortune to lo-

cate a small shipment and we can now make this special offer.

“Cruising Speed” sells at book stores for \$6.95 (if you can find a copy) but you can get the book for only 95¢ if you renew your subscription to *National Review* now (new orders are fine too!) at no more than the regular subscription price of \$19.00 for a full year. You save a whopping \$6.00 on the price of the book and, better yet, you’ll have your NR subscription extended a full year beyond its present expiration date, so you’ll be sure not to miss any of NR’s unique reportage. So act now and save yourself \$6.00. You won’t find a better bargain anywhere.

Just use the handy reply card opposite this page (we’ll pay all postage and handling charges). But please don’t delay because the book supply is limited. Pay later if you wish but get your order in *now*. Many thanks.

*To take advantage of the Special Savings offer
fill out and mail the card today.*

more than five seconds, or reignite. Next week the Commission will review bobby pins, coal scuttles, and plastic squeeze bottles for ketchup and mustard.

■ The government has issued regulations dictating which federal employees are entitled to wood desks—generally, those earning \$33,789 or more. Lower castes get iron desks.

■ “Nobody for Governor” signs are popping up in New Jersey, because Nobody cares and Nobody keeps his promises and Nobody wants the office except 33 candidates Nobody ever heard of.

■ This time the government has gone too far promoting tourism. When the Voyager spacecraft is launched this summer for a leisurely tour of the Solar System and points west, it will carry a phonograph record, just in case it encounters Intelligent Life out there. The record features greetings in dozens of languages (the extraterrestrials may speak Tagalog or Quechua, see) and “natural sounds” of the earth such as wind, surf, animals, and birds (but not rock music, traffic jams, bombs, machine guns, or politicians lying), and probably some such message as Keep Earth Green, Bring Money.

Crusader's End

Aside from the *Sunday Times* of London, which found a resemblance between an unsmiling President Carter and “an intelligent gun dog,” most of Western Europe seemed taken with Jimmy Carter during his visit to London. As for concrete achievements, the leaders of the U.S., Germany, France, England, Canada, Italy, and Japan promised to fight higher tariffs and to work to keep the strong countries strong and to lend a hand to their needy brethren—not really all that much here to write home to Miss Lillian about. (And it remains to be seen whether they even will be able to stick by these platitudes when the George Meanys back home start bellowing.) As for difficult agreements, nothing at all was achieved here. The major obstacle is the sale of nuclear technology. Mr. Carter is against it and Germany's Helmut Schmidt, most prominently, is for it. By meeting's end, as at its beginning, Carter's lecturing had not persuaded Germany to cease exporting.

A few hours before his return to Washington, Carter addressed a meeting of our NATO allies in London and delivered the most significant speech of his visit. He said some stern things about the Soviet war machine and even went so far as to say that the Soviets have “achieved essential strategic nuclear equivalence” (something he had denied only a couple of months ago)—just the kind of rhetoric called for on these occasions; positively no one takes it amiss. But amid all his tub-thumping Carter also managed to tell the Soviet Union something it

wanted to hear. “America's concern for human rights,” he said, “does not reflect a desire to impose our particular political or social arrangements on any other country.” With these words, the Kremlin and Jimmy Carter began to see eye to eye on human rights—and Carter laid down the most powerful weapon in his arsenal.

About two months ago, Andrei Sakharov, Carter's much publicized penpal in the Soviet Union, sent him an urgent request that received little publicity in the U.S. press. Sakharov implored Carter to make a public appeal on behalf of Anatoly Shcharansky, who had recently been seized by the KGB and accused of membership in a spy ring headquartered in the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. Nothing was heard from Washington. In the weeks that followed, the Administration set about pursuing diplomatic relations with both Cuba and Vietnam. Except for Uruguay, Cuba has more political prisoners per capita than any country in Latin America. Vietnam, of course, has over 500,000 political prisoners. Yet not once did any member of the Administration refer to the state of human rights in either country.

The Carter backtracking comes at a fateful moment. A month from now the signatories to the Helsinki agreement will gather in Belgrade to review the steps taken to fulfill the human rights provisions in the 1975 agreement. The Soviet bloc will boast that it has fulfilled every letter of the agreement. Where once it was expected that the U.S. would dispute this claim, doubt has set in.

As for Sakharov, Shcharansky, and those dissidents in Eastern Europe who dared step forward thinking they had the support of the leader of the West, they will have learned an important lesson about their allies on the other side of the Iron Curtain.

Copycat Carter

In his periodic announcements of grand objectives, President Carter has differed little from his predecessor—balancing the budget, for example, or using less oil and more coal. The difference has instead been in the specific methods of attaining those objectives, methods which are either left unstated or are clearly inappropriate to the stated goals. Balancing the budget by increasing spending is one example, or increasing coal production by raising the environmental cost of mining or using it.

In announcing a dozen goals for welfare reform, the President has again infringed the Ford copyright. With only two exceptions, the new goals are simply paraphrased from one of the Ford budget documents, *Issues '78*. A few random samples: *Carter*: “Employment programs should be provided.” *Ford*: “Employables should . . . be provided employment.” *Carter*: “Incentives should always encourage . . . employment.” *Ford*: “Incentives should be incorporated to encourage employment.” *Carter*: “Incentives should be designed to keep families together.” *Ford*: “Family relationships should be strengthened.”

The Disenchanted

George McGovern's livid;
Mayor Beame is numb;
Meany's looking stricken;
Tip O'Neill is glum;
Humphrey's apoplectic;
Teddy feels undone;
Carter's putting welfare
Off till '81.

W. H. VON DREELE

One apparently unique part of the Carter reform is that "a family should have more income if it works than if it does not." But that line was obviously borrowed from George Wallace.

The truly original idea is that reform will involve "no higher initial cost than the present systems." Since run-away costs are the whole problem, it should indeed be improper to define reform as meaning higher costs, whether initially or otherwise, just as it should be improper to define tax reform as higher taxes. Yet John Gerrity of *Moneymanager* has outlined the major options being studied and noted that they will all boost annual costs by \$6 to \$40 billion.

The problem with welfare is the relative generosity of the tax-free benefits and the ease of receiving them, compared with the difficulty of earning a better after-tax income. The solution has to be some combination of lower benefits, tighter eligibility criteria, and lower taxes on work. More taxpayer-financed employment would cost more, not less. If public jobs don't pay significantly more than welfare, after taxes, then welfare recipients won't accept the jobs. If public jobs do pay that well, they will draw people out of private jobs. Moreover, more public jobs and more welfare benefits can only be financed in ways that will reduce private employment. President Carter's proposal to increase Social Security taxes by \$34 billion over four years is a classic example of taxing work in order to subsidize leisure. Again, the Carter methods don't match the adopted Ford goals.

Howls in the Night

The fascinating thing about the first Frost interview was that Frost seemed at times to make Nixon as oblivious to the television camera as he often was to his office Sony. How else explain the pitifully inadequate mendacity, unless Nixon is by now lying more to himself than to the public? Perhaps it was always so. He seems, like many of us, sustained by dogged self-delusion.

There were those, of course, whose appetites were not sated by simple comparison with established facts. Pete Hamill blamed Nixon for ruining his father's birthday, and continued: "He is the Bela Lugosi of American

politics, lying out there in the crypt of San Clemente, and rising into the darkness at night. We think we have put him behind us, hoping that he is finally gone and he will never again be admitted to our consciousness. And then he is walking among us again, with that eerie smile, those glittery, vengeful eyes, that odd hunched body that he always seemed to have rented somewhere, but never possessed." Garry Wills, Hamill's nearest rival in imagination, compared Nixon to Boris Karloff: "The monster, lurchily, walks. . . . He is our living death, all our yesterdays returning, the past that waits just around the corner as our future. No wonder so many people, for a while, did not want to get out of bed and face tomorrow." Harriet Van Horne termed the whole series of interviews "a reminder of how close we came to losing the world's oldest democracy." Jimmy Breslin noted that Britain's Great Train Robbers of 1963 are still in the jug, and look: "All they did was rob a train. Imagine what you're really supposed to get for robbing a country of its honor."

There is, to our knowledge, no instance in history of a columnist's being forced to resign. To that breed belongs the privilege of propagating caricatures of history and nurturing self-delusions without molestation. Well, let them. If the shrillness of their voices is any guide, they have suffered enough.

Carter Outvoted on Plutonium

President Carter stated recently that the United States would postpone indefinitely production of the plutonium-producing fast-breeder nuclear reactor. Internationally, the U.S. now stands virtually isolated in that position.

A Soviet official, Vladimir Schmidt, has announced to an international nuclear power conference in Salzburg, Austria that for the Eastern bloc all systems are go where the fast-breeder is concerned. The Soviet report stated that by the year 2000 "the share of fast-breeders in the structure of nuclear power engineering could reach 50 per cent." The report went on:

"There has been no increase in the levels of radioactivity observed either in the immediate environment of nuclear facilities or in the world in general. It is proved, in particular, by the systematic monitoring of radiation safety carried out by the member countries in the basins of the Danube River, Black and Baltic Seas. . . . It can be concluded from the research conducted in connection with plans for the burial of radioactive waste of all kinds in geological formations that the technical foundations for such burial underground are now established."

Spokesmen for other technologically advanced nations at the Salzburg conference also rejected the Carter position. Sir John Hill, chairman of Britain's Atomic Energy Authority, as well as representatives of France, Belgium, and Japan, made it clear that plutonium would play an increasing role in their energy plans.

In practical terms, this means that the effort of the

Carter Administration to hold the line on plutonium reactors seems bound to fail. It does not answer the question, on which informed debate has scarcely begun, of whether the United States should itself move toward a plutonium energy economy. If the rest of the world does so, the argument that we should not produce fast-breeders because of the danger of nuclear weapons obviously falls. Less easily answered are the questions about storage of waste material, plant safety in a plutonium environment, and the ultimate disposition of worn out facilities.

Britain: Right Wing Landslide

The May 5 municipal elections in Britain produced a landslide far beyond the most optimistic Tory dreams and caused party leader Margaret Thatcher to give an interview entitled "How I Plan to Govern." The election was for County Councils, the biggest municipal units. The Tories gained 1,138 seats and lost three. Labor gained eight and lost 913. For the first time in memory, Conservative Councils came to power in normally Labor-voting working-class strongholds. Among the stand-out victories were London, Manchester, Merseyside, Northamptonshire, West Yorkshire, and Nottinghamshire. The election, wrote one correspondent, "colored almost the entire map of England and Wales a solid Conservative Party blue."

As a footnote to all this, the National Front, considered neo-fascist by some, drew 10 per cent of the vote in London, polling 117,000 votes, and 6 per cent in the country at large. In a parliamentary election, it is projected, that vote would have given National Front candidates more than thirty seats in the House of Commons.

This election appears to represent the climax of a long-range trend to the right in British politics, apparent

in both major parties. Thus, Harold Wilson was more conservative than the earlier Clement Attlee, and the present Labor Prime Minister, James Callaghan, is more conservative than Wilson. In the Conservative Party, Butskellism is dead, and Margaret Thatcher represents the furthest development of a rightward trend. She is more conservative than her predecessor, Edward Heath. But Heath himself was more conservative than such predecessors as Harold Macmillan and Anthony Eden.

Some consider that it may already be too late for England, that, perhaps like the Republican Party, England has simply gone over the falls. It would be a nice turnabout, however, if England, so influential in socialist theory and practice during the first half of the twentieth century, managed to reverse the process in the second half of the century. In politics, as has been observed, all things are possible.

A Whole New Ball Game?

The May 2 issue of *Aviation Week & Space Technology* announced, with as much restraint as possible under the circumstances, that the Soviet Union has achieved a scientific breakthrough that could enable it, possibly by the early 1980s, to neutralize the U.S. ballistic missile force. The magazine reported that the Soviets, utilizing a stunning advance in high-energy physics, were developing a "charged-particle beam device designed to destroy U.S. intercontinental and submarine-launched ballistic missile nuclear warheads."

As the magazine anticipated, soon after the article appeared the Defense Department issued a statement pooh-pooing it as "highly speculative." A few days later, President Carter confidently informed an inquiring reporter that the article "is based on some in-



Gas guzzler

accuracies.” Curiously, in this the age of investigative journalism, no Woodstein then went prowling through the Pentagon in search of a Deep Throat aching to dispute his masters in the military-industrial complex. Instead, the media attitude seemed to be that if the Pentagon and the President say it’s so, then it must be. Quite refreshing in these cynical times. The article was quietly laid to rest—until, in its next issue, *Aviation Week* counterattacked.

The magazine’s editor laid down a simple challenge to President Carter: “produce the specifics on the alleged inaccuracies” and he would gladly print them. The editor also urged Mr. Carter to do some investigating to determine for himself what is happening in high-energy physics technology. Some background was provided to encourage Mr. Carter to do the researching. Back in the Fifties, President Eisenhower was not aware of Soviet advances in ballistic missiles until *Aviation Week* charged that he was ignoring them. It turned out that Eisenhower wasn’t ignoring them—he hadn’t been informed of them. More recently, in an effort to ensure a Soviet signature on a SALT II agreement, Henry Kissinger is known to have provided President Ford with performance data on the Soviet Backfire bomber that made it appear the bomber had a shorter range than it actually has. When *Aviation Week* pointed this out, Kissinger and CIA Director George Bush both denied it, but, upon further investigation of the plane’s capabilities, *Aviation Week*’s charge were upheld.

Now the ball is in Mr. Carter’s court. We do hope he responds to the challenge; we also hope he succeeds in finding the “inaccuracies” he spoke of. If he doesn’t, however, and U.S. scientists don’t discover the key to energy-directed weapons, it’s quite likely that our partner in detente will, in a few years, have the equipment to play a brand new kind of game.

Batten Down That Hatch

Last year the Democratic-controlled Congress passed a bill to revise—in substance, repeal—the Hatch Act. President Ford vetoed. This year a similar bill will be before a new but still Democratic Congress, and Jimmy Carter, as candidate for the Presidency, declared he would sign it. *NR* hopes that either Congress or now-President Carter will see reason.

The Hatch Act became law in 1939—that is, in the seventh year of the Franklin Roosevelt Administration. It was passed at that time because Congress had before it extensive evidence of the political coercion of low-level government employees—in particular, in the Works Progress Administration (the major federal welfare program of those days)—by their superiors. The chief purpose of the Hatch Act was libertarian: to protect political freedoms—the First Amendment rights—of federal employees subject to possible coercion. The key section of the Act prohibits employees of executive agencies

Self-Denial

We’ll give up caviar and crepes
And, maybe, some imported grapes,
But we respectfully refuse
To skimp on coffee, gas, and booze.

Latinos groove on betel-nuts;
Italians go for pinching butts;
But we Americans enthuse
On coffee, gasoline, and booze.

We’d really rather wait and see.
(Do call us back at World War III.)
We’re paranoid as Howard Hughes
Without our coffee, gas, and booze.

W. H. VON DREELE

(i.e., virtually all on the federal payroll except for elected officials and employees of Congress) from using their “official authority or influence” to interfere with or affect the results of an election, from taking “an active part in political management or in political campaigns,” or coercing the political action of others.

The Hatch Act has been defended also as helping to prevent political corruption and to promote efficiency and professionalism in the bureaucracy. Deterring direct or indirect political coercion and the politicization of the bureaucracy are probably the primary—and sufficient—justifications. As John R. Bolton writes in a pamphlet recently published by the American Enterprise Institute, “The most acute government responsibility is that government not allow itself to skew the political process. The political debate can never be ‘uninhibited, robust, and wide-open’ [the adjectives are the Supreme Court’s, *N.Y. Times v. Sullivan*] if government employees can coerce their colleagues or intimidate the general public. When viewed as an inhibition imposed on the government itself, the Hatch Act is as justifiable as the restrictions—judicially or legislatively created—that prevent the government from regulating the ‘free market of ideas.’”

A moment’s reflection is enough to realize what the courts called the “chilling” effect that partisan political activity by government employees—bureaucrats—can have not merely on other government employees (who, under the Hatch Act, can shield themselves by declaring, “I’m Hatched”) but on members of the public. That is why most cities restrict cops from getting contributions from the public. Few private citizens would feel altogether comfortable if an IRS agent prefaced an audit with a pitch for a political candidate or party.

In the current drive for repeal, the main pressure is coming from three of the unions seeking to organize government employees. These unions haven’t been doing too well. They believe that an un-Hatched bureaucracy

will give a freer hand to their activities within the federal agencies, and make easier not only enrolling more federal employees but beckoning their votes toward union-approved candidates.

The Hatch Act is a far from perfect piece of legislation, and has been weakly enforced. But it's a lot better than nothing.

The Sting

"One of the men [the Israelis sent to track down Palestinian terrorists] caught up with was Mahmud Hamchari, a PLO spokesman in Paris thought to be involved in terrorism. What the Israelis did was this: they got into Hamchari's apartment and stuffed the telephone receiver with explosive and a special triggering device. Later they dialed his number.

"Hamchari, lying in bed next to his girlfriend, answered the phone. The Israelis at the other end recognized his voice and sent an electronic signal down the wire, a tone at a special frequency that triggered the detonating device. When people got into Hamchari's apartment after the explosion, they found his girlfriend sobbing hysterically next to Hamchari's headless corpse." (Thomas Powers, reviewing *Carlos* by Colin Smith, *The New York Times Book Review*, March 27.)

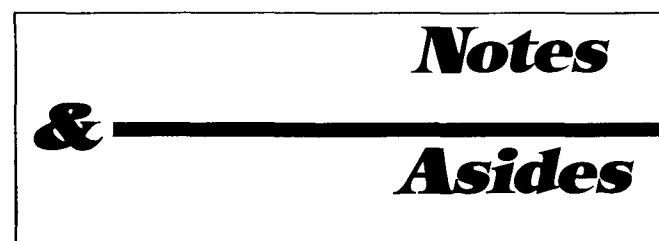
Eat your heart out, 007.

James Jones, R I P

James Jones wrote one superb novel, possibly a great one, and two other first-rate books. *From Here to Eternity* catapulted him to fame in 1951, winning both critical acclaim and the National Book Award. Dealing with the pre-Pearl Harbor regular army, to which Jones himself had belonged, the book is powerful, moving, and as timeless as Homer. Curiously, *From Here to Eternity* now stands a bit outside the critical conversation, academic and otherwise, about literature; it does so, perhaps, because its power is so accessible: nothing needs to be explained. But his novel cannot fail to endure. Its power will be felt when many currently notable names are merely entries in the library catalogue. Alluding to it, Whittaker Chambers wrote to the editor of this journal in 1954, "Your magazine is, above all, a moral apologetic; and it had better be good. For a morality is never stronger than the reality it speaks for. To my grotesque way of thinking, one of the great moral moments in current U.S. writing is the quarry scene in *From Here to Eternity*—the scene in which one of the prisoners takes his crowbar and, on request, breaks the arm or leg of a fellow prisoner. That is the moment for which the great muck heap of that book exists; and that is why I told a leading Quaker that *From Here to Eternity* is essentially a moral book. I shall long remember the expression of surprise and shock on his face. He had read

Genesis, but he had not realized, in the way we feel dirt by taking it in our hand, that it was out of mud and primal ooze that God created the world. And when he had read that 'the light shines in darkness,' he had thought only about the light; he had not grasped that darkness is as much a clotted reality as illumination is real."

Thereafter, Jones's achievement was erratic, but *The Thin Red Line* (1962) and *Viet Journal* (1974) demonstrate that his powers were not diminished. The former is an account of an infantry company on Guadalcanal. The latter, based upon his first-hand experiences in Vietnam, is relentlessly honest and escapes all fashionable categories related to the war. Jones and his family lived in Paris for 16 years; their Saturday night open-house hospitality became famous. Recently they returned to live on Long Island. Jones's last novel, entitled *Whistle*, is virtually complete. It deals with the post-war experience of wounded soldiers. Rumor has it that it is excellent. It will be published next year.



■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Only a rumor, mind you, but they are already talking here about the ultimate in convenience (or self-help?)—ballot by phone—just call in your election preference.

Zap the Zeitgeist,
P. C. Evanson, MD
Madison, Wis.

Dear Dr. Evanson: Thanks for the early warning. Zap the Z for us too. Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Being a devout believer in free market economics, as well as having received my doctorate in economics prior to the 1960s, I feel obliged to comment on Mr. (Dr.?) Meadows' letter published in your "Notes and Answers," December 24, 1976.

First, the matter of the use of mathematics in economics: According to Meadows, "Economists who got their doctorates before the 1960s have to go back to school and learn such subjects as vector analysis, matrix algebra, differential equations, . . ." Now, of course, as a blanket statement this is utter nonsense. Kenneth Arrow, Kenneth Boulding, Milton Friedman, Arnold Harberger, Sir John Hicks, Wasilly Leontief, Paul Samuelson, George Stigler, to name only a few famous economists of the pre-1960 doctorate vintage, can handle all of the above techniques. (Obviously, there are

many not so famous pre-1960 PhDs in economics who can also.)

If, however, Meadows means that mathematics currently is used more extensively in the teaching of economics, as well as in the writings in so-called "learned" publications, as compared to three or more decades ago, he is correct. Is this good or bad? It's a mixed bag! Mathematics is a very powerful tool and immensely helpful in analyzing certain problems. But one should not confuse knowledge of mathematical techniques, say, vector analysis, with understanding economics. Much of the literature in the "learned" journals is written by Professor "Sludge" to impress certain economists with how much mathematics he knows (a professional mathematician would call it elementary), which, incidentally, usually "sexes" up a trivial economic point with a lot of "chicken-scratch." I wouldn't trade one Abba Lerner, Fritz Machlup, Charles Kindleberger, Gottfried Haberler, or Friedrich Hayek, all essentially non-mathematical economists, let alone those in the past like Frank Knight, Henry Simons, and Jacob Viner, for all of the current crop of PhDs in economics who believe that if you understand how to take the 18th derivative of a function or invert a matrix, you understand economics.

The other issue that Meadows discusses, which I might add is a very substantive one, pertains to the relationship between the free market and individual freedom. He presents a technical conclusion from welfare economics which shows, given the assumption of perfect competition, that the market produces an optimal (efficient) use of resources in production and allocates

output optimally, that is, according to consumers' preferences as expressed through their free choices in the market. (To avoid having my students feel that economics is totally dismal, I call the marginal condition of Pareto optimality "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.")

Now, there is nothing wrong with exercises in welfare economics. As a matter of fact, they provide good training and show insights rigorously into the workings of an ideal market system. But, obviously, as Meadows points out, the real world is not one of perfect competition. Who in God's name ever said that it was; the perfectly competitive model is an intellectual construct, similar to the concept of a pure vacuum used in physics, which is useful for certain purposes. There are monopoly elements in the real world. So what! In this context, Lancaster's theory of second-best is irrelevant. I know of no one who is seriously attempting to force the economy toward a market structure of perfect competition. We do not have to. Given the fact of potential entry of firms into so-called oligopolistic industries, along with the view that the long-run average costs of production are essentially horizontal (marginal costs too), the economic results in the real world approximate those of perfect competition.

But all of this, although important from an economic efficiency point of view, misses a philosophical reason for believing in a free enterprise economy with limited government: it promotes personal freedom. I don't give a damn in my role as a consumer about advertising, or the degree of concentration in X industry, or the rate of return of capital, etc. I care about the number of consumption choices (options) I am able to make—mind you, not Messrs. Galbraith and Nader say I *should* make. On this score, the present economy gets an A+.

Mr. Meadows' comment regarding a view from a Brookings scholar on how to eliminate unemployment rates for subcategories in the labor force (e.g., black females) by having American business hire them is on a par with the suggestion that the way to fight inflation is to ask each individual *voluntarily* to reduce his spending.

Sincerely,
Dudley W. Johnson
Professor of Business Economics
University of Washington, Seattle

■ Dear Buck:

We know you are the world's foremost writer of muddled prose and acerbic ripostes, but do you have to claim EVERY title? See question and answer on January 21 NR cover, "Who Is the Ugliest of Them All? William F. Buckley Jr."

Yours truly,
Bud Sullivan
Weslaco, Tex.

Dear Bud: Weren't you *aware* that I know it all?
Cordially, Buck.
—WFB



"It will have to come down. You didn't apply for a variance for the 119 violations of the Building Code."

IN COMPLETING his model of "The Five Worlds of Detente" [NR, May 13], Norman Hannah finds he must add a third dimension to the plane that was sufficient for representing the four "worlds" based in the Eastern Hemisphere. "The roles of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres are essentially different, and a three-dimensional framework is necessary in order to fit them together." The Western Hemisphere is the home turf of the United States. The U.S. can influence the Eastern Hemisphere; following World War II, it can even be said that "in a sense, America surrounded the [Europe-Asia-Africa] World Island." However, the U.S. exercises its influence *from* its primary base, the Fifth, Western World.

"But the Western Hemisphere is not completely homogeneous," Mr. Hannah continues. "Is not Cuba a Communist state? . . . The answer is, 'Yes, but—' . . . Cuba of course is Communist and aligned with the USSR, and acts as the mercenary-military spearhead of Soviet policy in Africa. But rather than invalidating this conceptual framework, Cuba tends, as a striking exception, to highlight it. The fact of a Communist Cuba, an island ninety miles off Florida and 6,000 miles from the USSR, suggests some fatal errors on our part both before and since Castro's takeover. In short, Cuba is an inexcusable aberration."

It's in Our Lake

Mr. Hannah is reformulating within his new frame of reference an idea—or feeling—that has surely occurred to most of us: there is something peculiar, something cockeyed, about *Cuba's* being Communist and a client-state of the USSR. It's a bad deal when Moscow seizes control of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, etc.; but, still, it's comprehensible. Those countries are next-door neighbors, and the USSR is the big boy on that block. Such things happen. But *Cuba!*—right there a few miles away in the Caribbean, *our* lake. With the Soviets on the other side of the world, how could it possibly have happened on our doorstep? and last

for 18 years already? Apart from geography and strategy, what an odd combination, Russians and Cubans! It's, well, it's *unnatural*.

The feeling that a Communized, Soviet-dependent Cuba is out of step with its Hemisphere—a surd in the Fifth World equation—seems further confirmed by the failure of the Cuban revolution to spread elsewhere in the Americas. Contrary to Communist expectations and non-Communist fears, no other American nation has followed Cuba's example. The early, romantic period when both the Cuban and Soviet strategists thought their revolution would sweep through Latin America collapsed with Che Guevara in the Bolivian jungle. The more systematic penetration based on the Hemisphere's largest Communist Party shriveled with Allende. Viewed in the retrospect of 18 years, recognition of the Castro regime by one American government after another, in defiance of Washington, showed their confidence rather than their sympathy or approval. The current revolutionary emanations from Cuba have veered toward the Eastern, not the Western, Hemisphere.

If a Moscow-oriented Communist regime in Cuba is a geographic, strategic, and cultural "aberration," the situation of such a regime may be presumed to be unstable and precarious. It should be comparatively easy for such a regime to be dislodged.

The idea of knocking it out quickly by force was reasonable, especially at a time when the patron possessed no air, missile, or sea striking force with global range. The most sensible method would probably have been an open operation in overwhelming force, like Lyndon Johnson's in the Dominican Republic. The covert substitute, inadequate and sloppy from its start, was wrecked by intelligence errors and Kennedy's failure of nerve. The result of the subsequent missile crisis was to put the aberration on ice, where it has remained ever since.

Let us assume a second military venture excluded. Does this mean that the two hands must meet in perpetual confrontation? As the Zen masters ask, What might it be with one hand?

Suppose U.S. policy swung all the way, not merely to permitting but to promoting maximum two-way intercourse with Cuba—in travel, trade, finance, sports. Suppose this were done without fussing about the nature of the Cuban government, without quibbling over the past, and without conditions beyond the minimum required for essential national security needs and the safety of U.S. citizens? What would happen?

With the Grain

No matter what the concurrent policy of the Cuban regime, I believe a Cuban-U.S. interrelationship would expand with almost explosive speed. In pre-Castro days, Cuba and the U.S. had close and intricate relations in all fields. More U.S. citizens visited Cuba than all other Caribbean islands combined; business, banking, and defense were intertwined. And today a second Cuba, attached by family as well as ethnic ties to island-Cuba, exists a few miles away in southern Florida.

There is only one serious reason for the U.S. to drop the quarantine of Cuba: to draw Cuba away from its Moscow connection, back toward its normal place in the Fifth World. This may be what President Carter has in mind with his lifting of travel restrictions and his coy negotiations on trade, fish, and diplomatic recognition. He is moving at a slow and wary pace: trying, no doubt, to wangle the best possible deal from a skittish Castro and to avoid riling conservative opinion.

I have an idea that, as in the Vietnam case, this incremental escalation is not the effective way to attain the serious objective. As in Vietnam, it gives the other side time to shore up its defenses and prepare its response. A quick, undisguised reversal of U.S. policy followed up by an all-out drive to put the new policy into effect would have the best chance of bringing Cuba back into the family.

I have here been just-supposing. But it *might* be worth while to try what it would be with one hand. There isn't anything much to lose. And there's a fine island to win. □

THE HECKLER

WHEN THE BBC CALLED Professor Galbraith in 1973 to invite him to produce a series of television shows, no doubt seeking to re-enact the successes of *Civilization* and *The Ascent of Man*, they could not have expected the then Harvard economist to produce any fundamentally new ideas. After all, the production of new ideas is a calling reliable in neither quantity nor quality, and even a governmental agency wishes to have something to show for several millions of dollars. That the television series, and the accompanying book, contain few ideas new even to Galbraith is therefore no occasion for surprise, let alone complaint. So a well-known preacher has returned with his customary sermon, and if it is beginning to be delivered in a somewhat garrulous fashion, that is a small sin and one customarily indulged in people of Galbraith's (and my!) age.

It does not follow that all ancient knowledge and myths are congenial to the television tube: no one has successfully dramatized the multiplication table; nor has Greek mythology provided rich TV fare. On the whole, one would expect historical myth, indeed, to be more suitable to visual presentation than the theorems of a theoretical science. That preference of the camera may even have played a part in the BBC's selection of Galbraith, whose specialty has been non-specialty.

If we surveyed Galbraith's work of the last ten years or so, we should find rather complete anticipations of what I take to be the themes of the episodes of the TV series and the corresponding chapters of *The Age of Uncertainty*:

1. Adam Smith preached a narrow doctrine of self-interest, which was successfully incorporated into the harsh capitalism of the nineteenth century.
2. The resulting distribution of income was unequal in inhuman degree, and the very rich lived lives of excruciatingly vulgar ostentation.
3. A "massive dissent" in behalf of the "working classes" (what a misleading phrase, when much of the most demanding work is done by other classes, but no fault of

Galbraith's) was launched against capitalism by Karl Marx, whose life is sketched and whose doctrines are hinted at.

4. Colonialism, a vast phenomenon hardly noticed by the classical economists, was a device used by capitalistic nations to stave off the contradictions of capitalism for a century, to the detriment of the natives of these colonies.

5. Lenin, in a largely biographical treatment, became the leader who turned the chaos of the Russian Revolution into a structured, disciplined Communist state.

6. Money, that perpetual source of joy and pain—Petty said that "it beautifies the whole, especially those who have it in plenty"—is anecdotalized into central banks, booms, and depressions. No relationship of this instrument to capitalism is proposed.

7. Keynes gave capitalism a respite when he instructed the industrial nations how to pull themselves out of a persistent depression with mass unemployment. With modifications, and assistance from Galbraith, the system was adapted to wartime and the 1970s.

8. The suicidal tendencies of the cold war period were aided and abetted by a narrow, rigid doctrinaire named John Foster Dulles and based solidly on the self-serving activities of a military-industrial complex. I shall ask the reader to guess who did not fall prey to these two decades of hysteria.

9. The Big Corporation, that self-sufficient environment-molding, consumer-molding colossus that now has a dozen national homes, is presented in the form of a parable concerning Unified Global Enterprises (mostly ITT). The corporation has become depersonalized, with the Harvard Business School performing the traditional function of a queen for these societies of social insects.

10. The excessive proportion of people to land is in most of the world the essential and stubborn source of poverty. This chapter defies generalization: it is a travelogue from Punjab, through antebellum slavery and modern migratory workers, to Singapore (the successful "place of refuge from rural poverty"!).

11. The travelogue becomes more pronounced: we tour ancient political capital cities, medieval merchant cities, nineteenth century industrial ghettos, and reach the modern metropolis—a prosperous industrial society with traces of the earlier types. The modern city is necessarily socialistic.

Mr. Stigler is Walgreen Professor of American Institutions at the University of Chicago. His most recent book is *The Citizen and the State*.

John Kenneth Galbraith's

Marathon Television Series

GEORGE STIGLER

12. The book closes in a mood of brooding introspection and reminiscence. The parting message appears to be that the great quality of leadership is the ability to confront the major anxiety of the age, and today that anxiety is nuclear warfare.

BEFORE WE examine more closely the content of our *Age of Uncertainty*, we shall briefly consider its presentation through television. The enterprise was dominated as well as initiated by the television series, and the fundamental success of the venture for most people will lie in the visual rather than the printed version. I must base my judgment on only the three episodes (1, 6, 10) that were available to me, but their testimony is tolerably harmonious.

I would have dreaded Galbraith's assignment because of the extreme difficulty of presenting abstract ideas in visual form—unless one is prepared to accept a lecture, with or without a blackboard, as a visual presentation. Consider a quite fundamental theorem in price theory: that any use of resources forecloses other uses of those resources—known to some as the alternative cost theory, to others as “there is no such thing as a free lunch.” Even Paul Getty had to economize on lunches, if he valued his time. Guns or butter. Possibly one can show a laborer leaving the ammunition plant for a job in a fertilizer plant, but this shows (too literally) only the versatility of resources, not their scarcity. Scarcity is so pervasive a phenomenon that we cannot easily photograph it. How then can we present complex ideas such as the intimate interdependence of markets in a whole variety of commodities such as meat, leather, and shoes (general equilibrium)? One picture may *describe* more vividly than a thousand words, but the ratio changes radically when the task is explanation.

In the event, my fears about the effective use of television were neither mistaken nor overcome by Galbraith: he made no observable attempt to use visual methods to illuminate ideas. The first episode, on Adam Smith and the Industrial Revolution, is (with an exception to be noted later) a disaster. A sophomoric charade is used to display the major characters (sovereign, capitalist, landlord, and workers). A set of cardboard enlargements of classical economists are

placed at a table; apparently no one was made uncomfortable by the fact that John Stuart Mill, truly a prodigy, is older than his father, James. Their animation compares favorably with Galbraith's.

The later episodes—at least those I saw—make less use of such gaucheries, and are mostly travelogues in which the words of the narrator are illustrated by one of two types of scene. Often the illustration is literal: a sustained view of ripening grain when discussing food; teeming people or a long episode in the betrothal of a young Indian couple (whose conversation might have gained, and could scarcely lose, by translation) when treating population; a Mississippi sternwheeler when discussing cotton and slavery. At other times a historic place or object is shown: the handsome directors' room of the Bank of England; the farm on which Galbraith was reared; Lenin's home in Switzerland. An occasional episode is captivating: in particular I enjoyed the scene with Irving Fisher and his wife.

Galbraith is an adequate narrator, but wooden of countenance and metallic of body. His style of exposition, with its incessant use of irony and circumlocution, is better suited to the written page (from which he apparently was always reading) than to an aural medium. His lectures—“listen carefully, and I shall quickly explain central banking,” or “you should and can understand Fisher's equation”—are so brief and use such unfamiliar ideas (open market operations, velocity) that it is inconceivable that so many as one viewer in a small nation would derive instruction from them.

*One picture may describe more vividly
than a thousand words, but
the ratio changes radically when
the task is explanation*

And now let us look at the substance.

Galbraith is concerned in this venture, and in much of his previous work, with the development and influence of intellectual ideas. He begins the book and the television series with the familiar quotation from the last paragraphs of Keynes's *General Theory* to the effect that intellectuals are much more important than vested interests in influencing the course of events, and in particular economic events. Although Galbraith accepts this as a partial truth, I would consider its truth content minor: the dominant classes (welfare and blue collar, as well as capitalist) are not readily confused as to their interests, as Keynes claimed, by “some academic scribbler of a few years back.” Fortunately, by page ninety Galbraith approvingly quotes Marx's opposite opinion. Nevertheless, to the modest extent that *The Age of Uncertainty* has a coherent theme, it is concerned with the ideas of major economists, their absurdities and their insights, and the—often nefarious—influence they are said to have exerted.

Galbraith's talents as an expositor of the ideas of other economists have received only modest exercise, and this is due, I suspect, primarily to lack of compulsion. He has not written, so far as I know, any work presenting economic analysis or measurement at a professional level of precision



in several decades. If an economist becomes accustomed to casual generalization and impressionistic factual description, he develops lazy study habits and a misplaced confidence in his knowledge. This is the reason, I believe, that Galbraith, who is a man of both intelligence and efficient energy, writes about the history of economic ideas with a heavy gloss of imprecision and superficiality more appropriate to a journalist.

Consider Adam Smith, who is hardly a random sample. This man's great contribution was to explain how resources are allocated among industries and places, how the prices of goods are determined, and how the incomes of workers, landlords, and capitalists are established. The motive power of the economy, so to speak, comes from the search of buyers for low prices and of sellers for high prices. Their self-interest is disciplined, harmonized, and directed by

*To discuss Adam Smith's theory without
mention of competition
is to discuss Napoleon without
mention of war*

competition. This central core of value and distribution theory, as it used to be called, has been permanently incorporated into economics. Today as in 1776 an economist considers of paramount importance the propositions that under competition resources are devoted to the uses in which they will receive the highest possible return, and that maximum product will be achieved under competition with a resource earning equal returns in all uses.

Galbraith's treatment of Smith's economics is simply irresponsible. It is observed, correctly, that Smith felt that the egregious instruction he had received at Oxford would have been greatly improved if the tutors had been compensated by the fees of freely choosing students. When Smith abandoned his £100 professorship for the £300 life annuity he received in exchange for tutoring the young Duke of Buccleuch, Galbraith says "self-interest overcame high principle." Smith thought resources should and do go where they earn the most (taking account of non-monetary benefits and costs), and his behavior was in strict accordance with his theoretical predictions. (Galbraith later complains that Smith inconsistently accepted the Commissionership of Customs of Scotland, a "sinecure." John Rae, in the standard life of Smith, says, "Smith attended to those duties with uncommon diligence.") Galbraith does not distinguish between individual response to social institutions and the proper design of such institutions.

Galbraith overlooks the fact that self-interest must be disciplined by *competition*; in fact he explicitly identifies self-interest with the invisible hand which guides self-seeking individuals to serve the public good, when in fact it is competition (and a society based upon contract) that brings about this happy state. Self-interest without the checks of law and competition would lead often to fraud or monopolistic exploitation. To discuss Smith's theory without mention of competition is to discuss Napoleon without mention of war.

Chapters on Marx and Lenin and Keynes, and the

shorter accounts of Veblen, Spencer, and others, are, by comparison with the treatments of Smith, Ricardo, and Malthus, indulgent in tone and heavily biographical in content. The change is for the better: there are a good number of amusing incidents, and the burden of doctrinal content is light enough to be borne by even a distracted and thirsty television audience.

ONE IDEA of great power in the modern world receives trifling explicit attention from Galbraith, and that idea is equality. The goal of equality was the possession of only a tiny fringe of radicals in 1800, and it is a dominant element of the ideologies of the Western world today. That is the most basic change in professional and popular thinking since Smith's time. Its prophet was not an economist—in general economists lagged in recognizing and embracing this goal—but instead a man who is never mentioned by Galbraith, Alexis de Tocqueville. Recall the powerful passage:

The hatred that men bear to privilege increases in proportion as privileges become fewer and less considerable, so that democratic passions would seem to burn most fiercely just when they have least fuel. I have already given the reason for this phenomenon. When all conditions are unequal, no inequality is so great as to offend the eye, whereas the slightest dissimilarity is odious in the midst of general uniformity; the more complete this uniformity is, the more insupportable the sight of such a difference becomes. Hence it is natural that the love of equality should constantly increase together with equality itself, and that it should grow by what it feeds on.

This never-dying, ever-kindling hatred which sets a democratic people against the smallest privileges is peculiarly favorable to the gradual concentration of all political rights in the hands of the representative of the state alone. The sovereign, being necessarily and incontestably above all the citizens, does not excite their envy, and each of them thinks that he strips his equals of the prerogative that he concedes to the crown.

Tocqueville was profoundly right: the most radical change in economic policy since his time has been the ever-widening resort to political power in order to redistribute incomes in modern Western societies. This has not been a simple case of the poor taxing the rich, although there has been that too. Rather, every well-placed and well-organized interest group in the nation—union members, farmers, trucking companies, airlines, petroleum producers, teachers, television stations, welfare recipients, veterans, tenants, homeowners, you name it—has succeeded in getting some laws that work primarily for its own particular interests. The military-industrial complex (I doubt that it can usefully be viewed as one entity) is the only such group to receive Galbraith's attention: he really is not observant.

In fact Galbraith's view of economic life is remarkably personal. Consider again the opening chapter on the classical economists and the industrial revolution. What are the telling episodes in the rise of modern industrial capitalism? They are five: 1) the production of pins, an excellent example of the division of labor, amusingly illustrated in the television episode, 2) the clearances of the Scottish highlands, 3) child labor, 4) the Irish famine, 5) the new industrial rich (which receives a whole chapter).

The first episode aside, the selection is incongruous in the extreme. In a period unprecedented in the history of mankind for the continuous, accelerating growth of output over a wide range of commodities, with the consequential rise in the standards of living (and health) of the entire population to new levels, in such a period Galbraith chooses to look primarily at phenomena wholly or largely outside the developing market system. Child labor, famine, and inequalities of income extravagantly greater than the industrial revolution produced are as old as human history. The former two were eliminated and the third substantially reduced by the end of the nineteenth century, and these changes were brought about by economic progress. Adam Smith concludes his opening chapter of *The Wealth of Nations* with a magnificent comparison:

Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation [that of the very meanest person in a civilized country] must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of an European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

OR CONSIDER the lengthy assault on colonialism (which includes, we are told, our Vietnam venture). Whether one denounces or defends colonialism, from the viewpoint of the development of modern economies it was a wholly minor affair. A truly fundamental development was the tide of emigration from Western Europe to the unsettled portions of the world (which Galbraith excludes from colonialism) that in a single century changed the economic face of the globe. Colonialism was negligible in its demands on resources—in 1835 India was ruled by 40,000 Englishmen—and all the world's colonial trade in Galbraith's sense



was in 1910, I venture, less than that between Europe and the United States alone. The settlement of the English-speaking lands led to a major increase, not merely in world output, but also in the standard of living of both the migrants and those who stayed at home.

I would also argue, but with a diffidence inversely proportional to my modest knowledge of the subject, that traditional colonialism—the occupation of populated countries—was not a unilateral spoliation of one people by another. It would be impossible, and not merely unprofitable, for a colonial power to make extensive investments in a colony without increasing the incomes also of the native population: no one could appropriate all the rents of economic growth.

'Economists are economical, among other things, of ideas. It is still so.

They make those they acquire as graduate students do for a lifetime'

It must be irritating to Galbraith to be praised so much more enthusiastically for his writing than for the substance of his work, and although I do not wish to introduce any possible irritation into this review, I feel compelled to remark on an interesting feature of his style, which if not new at least did not seem so prominent in earlier books. This novel feature is the distribution throughout *The Age of Uncertainty* of a variety of propositions on the ways of the world. These aphoristic observations would form an excellent beginning to a compilation of the sayings of Chairman Galbraith. Consider these examples:

1. "A firm rule operated against [Turgot, a French economist of Smith's time]. People will always risk their complete destruction rather than surrender any material part of their advantage."

2. "It may be laid down as a broad and general rule that no one spends his life affirming the superiority of other people if he has any alternative."

3. "Three conditions are absolutely essential [for a successful revolution]. There must be determined leaders. . . . The leaders must have disciplined followers. . . . And, above all, the other side must be weak. All successful revolutions are the kicking in of a rotten door."

4. ". . . the one certain thing about the efforts of some people to rule other people at a distance is that it will fail."

5. "Economists are economical, among other things, of ideas. It is still so. They make those they acquire as graduate students do for a lifetime."

6. "Personal interest always wears the disguise of public purpose, and no one is more easily persuaded of the validity or righteousness of a public cause than the person who stands personally to gain therefrom."

How well these artificial pearls display their creator—nice mixtures of what one of Galbraith's favorites, Spiro Agnew, might describe as perspicacity, paradox, and perversity. I do him an injustice, a complimentary injustice to be sure, in being annoyed by this unlearned and opinionated project: Galbraith surely means only to entertain, and many others do it less well. □

STRAIGHT TALK

The Case for Fiscal Irresponsibility

WALTER HOWLER

THERE HAS BEEN a lot of old-fashioned talk lately about the Federal Government's borrowing habits. But it is common knowledge that taxes slow the economy down, whereas federal borrowing stimulates the economy. I therefore propose that *all* federal spending be financed by borrowing, and that all federal taxes be abolished.

One possible objection to this plan is that it might tend to increase interest rates and "crowd out" borrowing by private consumers and by businessmen. Actually, the Federal Government borrows at much lower rates than private industry, so it is clearly private industry that is responsible for high interest rates. Besides, if there isn't enough money to go around, the obvious solution is to print more. I have conducted an informal survey on this issue and have been unable to find a single person who thought he had too much money. The Federal Reserve should get busy and remedy this money shortage.

I realize some might argue that these policies would promote inflation, but that argument confuses cause and effect. The real cause of inflation is rising prices, and more money is needed to pay those rising prices. It is basic freshman economics that federal deficits and rapid expansion of the money supply cannot possibly cause inflation until we reach full employment. Instead, all of the new money will go into hiring additional workers, and the resulting increase in the supply of goods and services will bring prices down—not up. Since simple humanity requires that we not settle for anything higher than a 2 per cent unemployment rate, it follows that even huge federal deficits and extremely rapid increases in the supply of money cannot be inflationary

for a long, long time. So we might as well use such policies boldly and courageously, as I have suggested.

Poverty is almost as easy to cure as unemployment. The first thing that is needed is to get the minimum wage up to a decent level—say, \$10 an hour—and to eliminate all exemptions to the law. There is no reason why babysitters and newspaper delivery boys should be singled out for discrimination under the minimum wage laws. If, for whatever reason, there are not enough jobs available at the new minimum wage, the government can simply hire the unemployed—paying them by borrowing a little more, or by printing more money.

Alternatively, the government could levy a special tax on private employers and use the proceeds to hire more government workers. That might eventually result in everyone's working for the government, which would mean that badly needed public services could be supplied. Furthermore, since government workers earn more than private workers, everybody would then be more wealthy.

99 Per Cent Tax Rate

Now, it must be admitted that there might be a serious incentive problem with my earlier suggestion of replacing federal taxes with borrowing. Sociological research has established that high-income individuals work harder when heavily taxed, in order to maintain their relative status. For this reason, we might want to retain a 99 per cent marginal tax rate on all increments of income that raise it above the average, in order to maximize effort.

Other research has found that low-income people work harder when their wages are supplemented with cash welfare payments. So it is clear that people work hardest when the government either gives them more money or takes their money away. Our policies

should therefore be adjusted to ensure that no family has less than the median income.

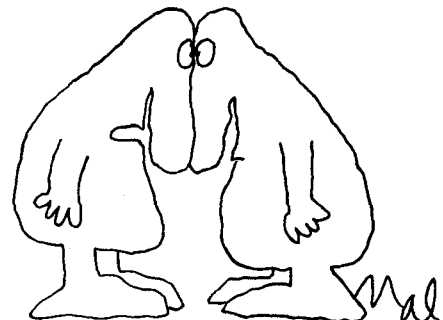
Since income tends to rise with age—foremen make more than apprentices, managers make more than trainees—an effective redistribution policy might be to levy a 1 per cent additional income tax for each year that an individual exceeds age eighteen.

We also know that the best way to discourage something is to tax it heavily, which is why we levy stiff taxes on liquor, tobacco, and water pollution. It naturally follows that an appropriately severe tax on low incomes would serve to discourage people from becoming poor, and my proposed age tax would discourage people from becoming old.

True Competition

Finally, the nation needs a more effective policy to promote competition. As the situation stands, there are too many firms that charge high prices, and therefore are guilty of gouging the consumers, and too many firms that charge low prices, and therefore are guilty of cutthroat competition. We need a board of experts, composed of the members of each industry, to decide the correct price, and laws to punish any deviations from that price. And if any firm is nonetheless too successful—if it takes too much business away from its rivals—such a firm should be required to sell its successful operations to other firms at a price to be determined by those firms. Also, we could tax any excess profits and use the proceeds to subsidize excess losses. Only in this way can we have true and meaningful competition. □

FRANKLY, KEATON...
I'M GETTING TIRED
OF SEEING EVERYTHING
EYE-TO-EYE!



Mr. Howler is a once-respected economist.

IBM Reports

Information: there's growing agreement

Human history has long been described in terms of Ages whose names reflect the stages of development through which mankind has passed: the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, the Iron Age and so on—down to the Industrial Age, which established the foundations of our modern society.

Today, there is growing agreement that we have entered a new era, a post-industrial stage of development in which the ability to put information to use has become critical, not only to the essential production of goods, but to efforts to provide a better life for the individual, as well.

This new era is being referred to with increasing frequency as the Information Age.

Information in the Information Age

Changes in our perception of information itself—its nature as well as its scope—have accompanied this profound shift of emphasis in our society.

Much has been written about the so-called “information explosion.” It has been pointed out, for example, that the number of technical journals published throughout the world today exceeds 100,000, and that the total body of technical information is now doubling every ten years.

At the same time as the volume of information has been increasing dramatically, our understanding of the meaning of the term information itself has also broadened—to encompass a wide variety of timely data relating to “how things really are” across the whole spectrum of human activity.

A heartbeat, for example, can be extremely meaningful information when recorded and analyzed on sophisticated electrocardiogram equipment. So can electrical impulses reflecting the load level in a power network, or numeric digits representing the availability of a seat for you on an airplane—when processed by a modern computer.

These and a wide range of similar types of data are clearly recognized today as information, the kind of information on which we increasingly de-

What it's the name of the age we live in.

depend for the growth and health of our economy, the smooth functioning of our institutions — and, even more important, for the quality of our individual lives.

Information — an inexhaustible resource

Information is one of the few resources not in danger of exhaustion on this shrinking planet. It is unique because the supply is limitless, because it actually becomes more valuable with use and because — when properly managed and applied — it can greatly enhance our use of all our other resources, natural, human and economic.

One reason, of course, that information has proved to be such a dynamic resource is the fact that there exists today a remarkable technological capacity for dealing with it rapidly and effectively.

Through a vast array of electronic tools and techniques, mankind is able to accumulate, organize, store, interpret, retrieve and transmit information on a worldwide scale, in a volume, at a speed, and with an accuracy that would have been impossible barely two decades ago.

It is also a technology that continues to grow and that has proved to be amazingly efficient in economic terms. As advance has followed advance, the cost of processing information has steadily declined. Since the 1950's, the cost of performing 100,000 calculations on an IBM computer has fallen from \$1.26 to less than one cent — and the downward trend continues.

Putting information to work for people

IBM makes many different products — from computers to copiers — but clearly, the essence of our business is information.

As a company, we are committed to exploring the limits of technology to find better, more imaginative and more productive ways to help put the benefits of this uniquely valuable resource to work for people.



FIFTY YEARS FROM LE BOURGET

It was the age of Bobby Jones and Babe Ruth, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway, Thomas Edison and Henry Ford. But the greatest of them all was the man who flew the Spirit of St. Louis to Le Bourget

Lindbergh Was of the Twenties

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

ON THE FIFTIETH anniversary of Lindbergh's pioneer flight from New York to Paris, we will surely hear more of an old story. Frederick Lewis Allen popularized it in his *Only Yesterday*. It is the story of how a daring young man, who had been a stunt flier and a mail pilot, had, by making the first continent-to-continent trans-Atlantic flight (there had been island-hopping flights before), rescued the American people from the fetid swamps of the Twenties and provided them with an authentic hero to worship.

There are bits of the Allen thesis that one doesn't quarrel with. The Twenties had been a cynical era, at least in part. It had been a time of debunking, to use the word invented by W. E. Woodward, and there was a hunger for clean and chivalrous deeds in those years when daring had seemingly been patented by the bootleggers on Rum Row. It was the age of the F. Scott Fitzgerald look, with the flappers more in evidence than the philosophers. But the picture of the boyish Charles A. Lindbergh as counterpoint to an epoch is not quite as I remember it. The real truth is that Lindbergh was very much of the Twenties himself, a hero in an age that worshipped heroes with the sole proviso that they should be non-political.

I was a cub in the *New York Times* City Room in 1927. We had our own heroes. The not-quite-retired managing editor, Carr Van Anda, who had sold America the Tutankhamun story, was one of them. The four or five star reporters who were on space rates in addition to salary were other heroes of Van Anda's City Room. The most envied were the men who were covering the competition, then nearing its denouement on the Long Island flying fields, to be the first in the air for Europe. Russell Owen was the *Times*' star aviation reporter, ably backed by a young man, Lauren (or Deac) Lyman, who, despite the fact that he was a journalist, became one of Charles Lindbergh's most trusted friends. If Clarence Chamberlin or polar explorer Richard Byrd had been the first to reach Europe, instead of coming in second and third, Owen and Lyman would have created a different hero. As a third-stringer in the *Times*' Long Island air watch, I wrote the story of Clarence Chamberlin's anti-climactic trip to Ger-

many with his passenger/patron Charles Levine. Chamberlin, a likable fellow, whose technical competence carried him through a long lifetime of flying, would have done very well as a hero if he had won the \$25,000 prize offered by Raymond Orteig of the New York Brevoort Hotel for being first in the trans-ocean race.

The Twenties loved a record breaker. It could be any record—home runs, airplane flights, swimming the English Channel, or even flagpole-sitting. It was the golden age of the sports hero, Bobby Jones in golf, Big Bill Tilden and Little Bill Johnston in tennis, Jack Dempsey in the prize ring, Babe Ruth and the rest of Murderer's Row at Yankee Stadium, and Red Grange of Illinois, who was once carried two miles on the backs of students for his exploits in football. Our heroes had to be men of action: Doug Fairbanks, who married America's sweetheart, Mary Pickford, owed his great screen popularity to an athleticism that was as remarkable in its way as anything exhibited by the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse who rode down the gridiron opposition for Notre Dame.

THE WORSHIP of athletes was not a matter of mere dumb-jock appeal; it was part of a wider admiration for skills. The Twenties had this admiration as no decade has had it since. The writers who dominated the latter part of the decade—Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Glenway Wescott, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, e. e. cummings—were more skillful craftsmen than any of their successors. The more admiring of the prose-poem biographies that dot John Dos Passos' *U.S.A.* trilogy are of men of great skill, such as Edison, the "electrical wizard"; Luther Burbank, the plant breeder; and Charles Steinmetz of General Electric: these men fare much better than any politician who engages Dos Passos' attention. The Twenties brought the intricacies of mass production to their perfection, as Henry Ford, Boss Kettering, and Bill Knudsen built on the scientific management skills provided by Frederick W. Taylor, the time-motion genius who thought the value of a tool was best measured by the exact cutting speed at which it is completely ruined at the end of twenty minutes.

The true importance of Charles Lindbergh was that he combined the qualifications of skill and daring to become the most exalted—and appealing—hero of the Twenties. He was the man of action in *excelsis*, willing to back his own nerve and judgment in the trans-Atlantic gamble. But he

Mr. Chamberlain, a syndicated columnist, is the author of several books, including The Enterprising Americans. He was a longtime friend of Charles Lindbergh's.

never thought of himself as a gambler. He hated the song "Lucky Lindy, the Flying Fool." Long before the phrase "calculated risk" came into vogue, he was the prime exponent of it. And, as Murray Godwin pointed out in one of the really perceptive early analyses of Lindbergh's accomplishment, it was not that he managed to hit the continent of Europe, it was that he had the skill to hit Le Bourget airfield outside of Paris squarely on the nose. Clarence Chamberlin, who came after him, was forced down in Germany, and Commander Byrd was lucky to wade ashore after ditching his ship in the sea off the French coast. Chamberlin and Byrd were the "flying fools" and the men of "luck," not Lindbergh, who worked out his problems in advance to micrometer perfection.

Lindbergh offered no encouragement to his early biographers, not even to Walter S. Ross, whose *The Last Hero* at least gave objectivity a fair shake in dealing with the controversial subject of Lindbergh's opposition to U.S. entry into World War II. Speculation about motives, the "psychographic" technique followed by biographical writers in the age of Gamaliel Bradford, seemed to Lindbergh to be so much moonshine. His latest biographer, Brendan Gill, whose *Lindbergh Alone* (Harcourt Brace) has been nicely timed to catch the fiftieth anniversary celebration, is not drawn into idiotic theorizing about Lindbergh's character formation, but he does remark on what he regards as an "astonishing feat." Lindbergh happened to be the only child of alienated parents, yet he managed to bestow a "similar trust and affection" upon his father, a five-term congressman from Minnesota, and his mother, a Detroit schoolteacher.

THE TWO PARENTS—Charles A. Lindbergh Sr., a doughty Minnesota Populist, and Evangeline Land, whose dentist father invented the porcelain cap—agreed that for the sake of their son they had better avoid a complete separation. Gill hints that there was a degree of self-delusion in Lindbergh's belief, cherished into old age, that his parents had gone on caring for each other. But there must have been some residual caring in their shared pride in their son, described by Gill as "the single superb achievement of their briefly mingled lives."

The father, who had grown up on a Minnesota farm, was a close companion to the boy, mixing an unobtrusive supervision with an insistence that the young Charles should learn to fish, hunt, swim, make fires, pitch tents, and paddle a canoe for himself. Many years later Charles said of his father that "he'd let me walk behind him with a loaded gun at seven, use an axe as soon as I had strength to swing it, drive his Ford car anywhere at 12. . . . My freedom was complete. All he asked was responsibility in turn."

Evangeline, the mother, may have inwardly winced at the regimen of hard knocks that her husband had prescribed as a child-rearing formula, but she held her tongue. And, in her own turn, she accepted her son's judgment in domestic matters. The son's response to the comradeship with his father in the woods and with his mother in the house was a genuine love and admiration for both parents.

What he got out of his upbringing was manifestly an absolute trust in reason as the prime criterion for judgment. Neither his father nor his mother wanted to see their son become a flier. But—reasonably—they acquiesced when it

became apparent that he was not the man for an indoor life at a desk—or for a career in politics, which would have involved tangling with unreasonable men.

Though he despised psychological speculations, Lindbergh became fascinated, in middle age, with his genealogy. The men of his family on the Lindbergh side were all of a piece, frontier-loving stoics and idealists who cared very little for public opinion and disdained to explain themselves. These characteristics have been passed on to Lindbergh's own sons, Jon, the deep-sea diver; Land, the Montana rancher; and Scott, the animal psychologist.

Lindbergh's grandfather Augustus, the founder of the family in America, had fought hard in the course of his political career in Sweden to abolish flogging. He left Sweden because he felt he had been falsely charged with embezzlement on a technicality when he was director of a loan office. While homesteading a piece of forest land in Minnesota at the age of fifty and building his own log cabin, Augustus stumbled one day and fell on a saw. It was three agonizing days before he could find a doctor to perform the necessary arm amputation, and it was two years before he could go back to chopping trees, which he did with a specially balanced axe of his own invention.

The character of old Augustus, repeated through the generations, argues a clear-cut case for heredity over environment. Lindbergh's father, as a congressman in World War I, had no compunctions about outraging public opinion when he followed Senator Robert La Follette and the other "willful men" in opposing U.S. entry into the war. Nor did he boggle at fighting the Eastern "money power" as a good Minnesota Farmer-Laborite.

The young Charles did not share his father's Populist economics, nor did he have the least desire to become a political figure. He had seen enough of Washington as a child to last him a lifetime. But his stance in 1941, when he felt he must abandon his privacy to fight the Administration's efforts to take the U.S. into World War II, was right out of his father's book. What his detractors prefer to overlook is that he had plenty of approved liberal characters with him, such as Chester Bowles and Yale's Kingman Brewster.

But when Pearl Harbor put us into the war willy-nilly, Lindbergh, characteristically, wanted to get into the fighting. He knew practically every valley and plateau and plain of his country from his flying experience in the days when fliers had to follow the contours of the earth, and he



was grossly offended when Roosevelt, at the prodding of Harold Ickes, tried to keep him from taking part in the defense of the land he loved. However, he managed to get to the Pacific as a "civilian" test pilot, flying more than fifty combat missions and teaching the Air Force some battle-saving wrinkles that would stretch a tankful of gas in long flights over the islands.

Meanwhile, Colonel Truman Smith, our pre-war military attaché in Berlin, has left a still-unpublished memoir about Lindbergh's five trips to Nazi Germany in the Thirties. Lindbergh went at the behest of our War and State Departments and the French Foreign Office, on one occasion charged with a mission to get to Goering with a plan to help Jews leave the Reich with enough property to start life anew. As one of the few people who has bothered to read the Smith manuscript in the Yale library, I have always thought it unconscionable behavior on the part of Lindbergh's biographers to portray him as a Nazi-lover and a "totalitarian" personality. In bringing back true information about Nazi air strength, Lindbergh hoped to stir the Western allies to get about the business of rearming.

Fortunately, Brendan Gill does not flog the dead horses of the America First days in his *Lindbergh Alone*. He takes Lindbergh's integrity for granted, and concentrates on the big event of May 20-21, 1927, with flashbacks (in the manner of Lindbergh's own books) that explain the making of the most consummately careful airman who has ever existed. There are also the flash-forwards to the Lindbergh of later years and later preoccupations, such as his undercover crusade for conserving the environment and all that it contains of God's creatures.

LINDBERGH never wanted to be a hero, for he feared the duties of performing as a celebrity would keep him from doing the things he wanted to do. He made a fetish of being himself, refusing to take money for endorsements and insisting on writing *We*, his first story of the 1927 flight, without benefit of a ghost. Publicity was always a distracting element, and he fought it, though for many years unsuccessfully. The kidnapping and murder of his first child inevitably kept him and his wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, in the headlines. But he could achieve privacy in the air, on long pioneering trips to lay out routes for airlines, or on archaeological flights over Central America. With his wife acting as radio operator and navigator, the closest he came to an unpestered family life was in the cockpit flying to South America or over the polar regions "north to the Orient."

He also managed to escape into Dr. Alexis Carrel's secluded Rockefeller Institute laboratory, where he helped develop a perfusion pump for use in sustaining the life of organs outside the body during surgery. Lindbergh managed, miraculously, to keep his association with Dr. Carrel a secret for five years.

Lindbergh might have succeeded in fading from view by packing up and going to England after threats on the life of his second son, Jon. But his sense of duty propelled him back into the public eye when he became convinced that it would not serve U.S. interests to get into a war which, in his estimation, could only end with a Communized world. (Thirty years later, with the democracies still retreating in a one-sided cold war, he saw no reason to

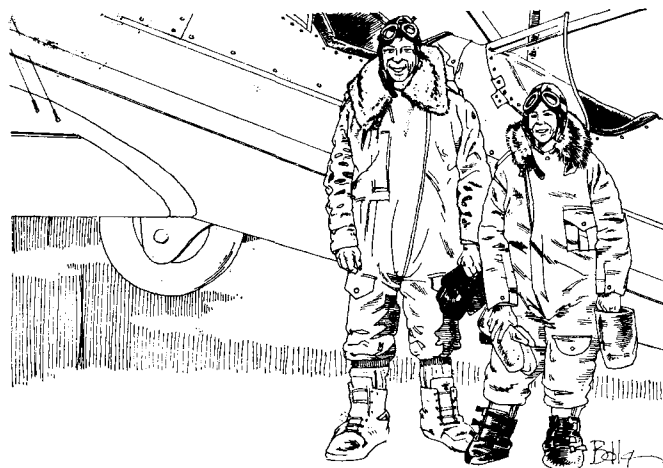
apologize for his view.) Lindbergh's very reasonableness, inherited from both his parents, caused him to underestimate Hitler's irrationality, which pushed the Third Reich into incredible disasters. And Lindbergh had not, in his prophecies, allowed for the lucky spy break that enabled the British to duplicate the Nazi encoding machine, a gift from heaven that let the Allies know in advance what the Germans were planning to do throughout the whole four years of the war.

After 1945, the Lindbergh family finally had its wish. Out of the public eye in their various homes—at Scott's Cove in Darien, Conn.; in Vaud, Switzerland; and at Maui in Hawaii—Charles and Anne wrote their books and reared five children in as much anonymity as two good and eminently publishable writers could hope to achieve. There was time for ski trips and camping in Africa. Charles's sense of humor, which had once run to practical jokes, was channeled into often delightful family repartee as he fenced verbally with his fun-loving daughters, Ansie and Reeve. An inveterate cutter and stacker of wood, Charles left enough logs and kindling at his colder homes to last Anne a lifetime. Woodcutting was his contact with pioneer days and World War I farming years on the upper Mississippi. With his hair thinning and turning white, he relished the fact that he could slip into a seat on a plane or a commuter train, take out a pad, and continue work on his still-to-be-published *Autobiography of Values* without being recognized and cornered as a celebrity.

With his friend Sam Pryor of Pan American Airways, Lindbergh had a habit of looking for evidence of vanished civilizations from high in the air. Always he took the long view. The penchant of the Europeans for indulging in what amounted to disastrous civil wars troubled him to the end. The crusaders' castles in the Middle East, now in Moslem hands, provoked ruminations on the fragility of conquests.

But it was not only the fate of specific civilizations that preoccupied Lindbergh in his travels. The great game preserves of Africa, such as Serengeti or the Ngorongoro Crater in Tanzania, where zebra and wildebeest and elephants and lions hold out against the pressure of skin and ivory hunters, caused Lindbergh to take a melancholy second look at the beloved air industry that he had nurtured and helped to expand through a long lifetime. As a boy, he had flown to get close to a nature that he had, camping with his father, taken quite for granted. Now he was faced

(Continues on page 629)



LETTER FROM SALISBURY

Rhodesian Patrol

JACK REARDON

IT IS DIFFICULT to get a fix on the situation here, especially for a foreign journalist or visitor, because life goes on as usual in the various centers. Even a drive through the operational areas is not terribly instructive, because there is no sign of military activity except for an occasional vehicle.

The reality is in the remote Tribal Trust Areas in the late evening and early morning hours. The country is vast and broken, covered with huge, heavily forested granite formations. There are open areas between the hills and valleys, but vast areas close to the borders have heavy scrub and high grass, and visibility is only a few feet.

Although the Rhodesians send out patrols, or sticks, of six to eight men to take up blocking positions in sensitive areas, contacts are a matter of luck. The locals often report the position of our patrols to the enemy. Usually, the first we hear is a burst of gunfire in the distance after midnight. This is reported in, with an estimate of the location of the gunfire, by those who heard it. Since movement at night is, in most cases, impossible for the patrols, no action is taken until morning.

As soon as day breaks, a police team, or combined police/army team, heads off in two vehicles. The approach is over dirt roads which degenerate into rutted tracks. Upon their arrival in the contact area, the search for the source of the firing begins. The teams fan out and the locals are questioned. No one has seen or heard anything.

On the last patrol I was on, we questioned a well-dressed young African at about 9:00 A.M. He indicated that there had been no incident in that vicinity. We continued the search for four more hours, crossing and criss-crossing our tracks over boulders, streams, and ruts. (Being 51, I try to keep in shape by a regimen of running two miles and do-

ing a battery of exercises. But how do you train your behind for sitting on three steel slats for 16 hours? You get so sore that it is sheer agony. One can't have any cushioning because of the mines, which would cause the cushioning to slap your spine. On this tour I got so sore I finally went up into the front seat of the heavy truck, where one is forbidden to sit because of its position over the wheel. I told them I just didn't give a damn if I got blown up, my poor behind was bruised beyond imagination. I recount this because it gives some idea of how one feels when one finally finds the bastards.)

We drove about until 1:15 P.M., when I spotted an old man and we stopped to question him. He told us that a kraal head had been murdered about one hundred yards away. (A kraal is a cluster of huts, very close to one another, that is usually ruled by the son of a chief or other prominent person.) We had passed near the spot about five times already that day.

UNDER A PILE of branches which had been stuck in the ground by the family and friends, we found the body of an elderly man. He had been taken from his hut at about 1:00 A.M., pushed about a hundred yards to the edge of the cattle pens, and murdered. In fact, he had been shot to pieces. His hands had been slammed back against his body, but judging from their position, he had had them extended in supplication. I counted 28 holes in his body, but there could have been more. His murderers then turned their guns on the cattle. In all, more than 154 rounds had been fired (we found 154 cases).

The enemy now had 12 hours' start on us. We did not find them.

But once the body had been discovered, the kraal residents began to appear. One fellow was particularly distraught. Lo! it was the well-dressed African whom we had questioned at nine. It turned out that he was the

dead man's son. We were mad as hell. Is that the way you would behave if someone had just shot your father?

I have reason to remember this particular incident with great vividness, because I somehow ended up with that damned body next to me on the truck no matter which way I turned. It got rarer and rarer for five days, as it accompanied me from Bikita to Fort Vic.

Most of the incidents are the same. They hit some old man, helpless invalid in bed, nun or priest, anyone they know is not armed. They go at it with a degree of brutality and nastiness that sickens. It is their own people they brutalize. Many of us feel that the victim is hit because he has attained some wealth, and not because of any sympathy on his part for the government. It is their ancient way. Before we came, anyone who had any property was declared a witch and placed upon a sharpened stake.

And note the way the Africans express their grief for their friends and mentors. The vast majority of Rhodesian Africans despise the terrorists and do not want them in power. But they cannot say so, for that would mean death or worse. The educated Africans, business and professional men, do not want majority rule in the foreseeable future, not under any circumstances. American insistence upon this point reveals a monstrous ignorance, and is a betrayal of the moderate African. Majority rule just won't work.

There is no reason why anyone should believe me, especially. I can only give you my deepest assurance that the leaders favored by the U.S. and Britain are evil men with no concern for their people and, particularly, with no concern for the vast numbers of tribal Africans in the rural areas. Their viciousness is beyond description. Behind all the words and rhetoric is murder—brutal, ugly, indiscriminate murder. And over all of it is the dedication of the radical patriotic front to the establishment of a Marxist state with Russian support.

The terrorists are quite clearly trained by Russian, Chinese, or other Communist military forces, and possessed of Communist weapons. Although the leaders are most cautious about what they say in public, they do slip now and then and call one another "comrade." The documents we have captured leave no doubt as to what they are up to. □

Mr. Reardon is a longtime resident of Rhodesia. With this article he makes his first appearance in NR.

PROFESSOR Zbigniew Brzezinski's appointment as President Carter's national security advisor set off a wave of hope and expectation among Poles both at home and in exile. A perfectly human reaction, one might say, and yet one must add that the hopes and expectations seem exaggerated. The first thing to keep in mind in a discussion about Brzezinski is that, although of Polish extraction, he is first of all an American, a patriotic American who—like so many high officials who are first- or second-generation Americans—contributes to the shaping of American policy in much the same way as does Secretary of State Vance or Secretary of Defense Brown.

It might nevertheless be legitimate to expect that, because of his field of scholarly interest rather than his national origin, Brzezinski will reveal a great deal more political clear-sightedness and good sense than did his predecessors in dealings with the USSR and the East European countries. One also notes with satisfaction that Brzezinski has a solid understanding of historical processes, as well as another trait that most present-day political scientists lack: namely, a certain imaginative-ness that helps arm political thinking against narrow, pattern-inspired visions of the future.

In May of 1975, Brzezinski said at a conference organized in Montreal by the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences (New York): "History teaches us that the worst possible way of predicting the future is viewing it as a continuation of the present. History is full of dramatic gaps and sudden changes." This convincing idea is being confirmed at present by various happenings in Eastern Europe and Russia.

That is really all we can say about Brzezinski himself at this time. The rest of this comment will therefore attempt to answer the question of what East Europeans and Brezhnev's free-thinking subjects expect of the new American President, who will determine the basic policies which Brzezinski will aid in carrying out.

Let us go back in time to the election campaign. A paper produced then by some of Carter's supporters comes closest to tackling this question. Their project, sponsored by the Brookings Institution, was devoted to the elaboration of various national priorities. Their analysis denies any likelihood of a serious open conflict in Western Europe

unless Eastern Europe, with its heavy load of subversive tendencies, sets it off. In our century, national tensions thriving in Eastern Europe have repeatedly undermined the safety of empires. The clash between Soviet domination and the national aspirations of East European countries has led, three times since the end of the Second World War, to "substantial recourse to armed forces": in Berlin in 1953, in Budapest in 1956, in Prague in 1968. "It would be unrealistic to suppose that such clashes will not be repeated."

To what extent do Carter's views coincide with the conclusions reached by the authors of the Brookings Institution paper? According to them, the situation in Eastern Europe will remain potentially unstable as long as the Soviet leaders fail to authorize more serious forms of autonomy and pluralism in the satellite countries. And here is what Carter himself has said: "Eastern Europe will not become a stable region as long as those countries do not recover their independence." Such statements, naturally, betray election-campaign overtones, intended to capture ethnic votes, but the basic idea is the same as that expressed by the Brookings Institution paper. And here is an-



AFTER HELSINKI

The Meaning of Brzezinski

THE EDITORS OF KULTURA

other of Carter's statements: "I do not proclaim a return to cold war practices, but I will demand that the USSR respect the obligations concerning freedom of movement and information which it took on in Helsinki." And again: "The United States should do everything in its power to stimulate freedom in East European countries which are at present under Soviet rule."

The West Should Demand

It is more than likely that Carter's statements during the election campaign contributed to the current atmosphere of unrest among Poles, Czechoslovaks, and East Germans, an atmosphere two other factors have helped to create: the growing recalcitrance of "Euro-communists" and anticipation of the review of the Helsinki Conference to be undertaken in June at Belgrade. While considering the Helsinki talks to be an ominous seal put upon the division of Europe, *Kultura* nevertheless contends that the Western partners, headed by America, should at least demand, and exercise strict control over, the observance by the USSR and the "People's Democracies" of certain democratic concessions contained in the Helsinki declaration and of the contents of the Human Rights Charter.

This is, realistically speaking, the central focus of our expectations with regard to the new President. If detente is to be the determining policy, then it should apply to both sides all along the line, with every case of its violation by the East entailing retaliation by the West. If economic aid is to be part of the West's policy, then it should be

The monthly magazine Kultura, published, since the Communist takeover of Poland, from headquarters in a Paris suburb, is the most serious and influential organ of Free Poles, both inside and outside Poland. This comment by Kultura's editors was translated by O. Scherer.

strictly and clearly conditioned; it should furthermore be extended in a spirit of concern for the peoples rather than for the governments involved. There is something symbolic in a story told by Bukovsky; after the exchange was settled, Bukovsky was taken out of the USSR and sent to the West wearing handcuffs stamped "Made in U.S.A."

Soon after Carter was inaugurated, several events occurred that were taken as foreshadowing an eventual "new line" in the American attitude toward dissidents and opposition movements in the Communist countries. Vance entertained Amalrik—which was of course a clear reference to Ford's refusal to receive Solzhenitsyn at the White House. The point was emphasized still more by Carter's letter to Sakharov and, a little later, by Bukovsky's White House visit, during which he was welcomed by both Vice President Mondale and President Carter. The Department of State took the floor on two occasions: to defend Sakharov and to speak in behalf of the authors of Charter 77 in Czechoslovakia; in each case the Helsinki Conference clauses concerning human rights were invoked.

Danger of Indifference

The "new line" has given rise to differing interpretations: if it is sometimes viewed as a return to a Woodrow Wilson type of policy, with particular emphasis on the moral values of democracy, it is also frequently considered to be a tactical move in the dialogue with Moscow. We trust that there is more truth to the first of the two interpretations, although recent American statements—even those covering the Bukovsky visit—sounded more subdued, as though reverting to the spirit of "non-interference in the internal affairs of foreign countries."

The truth is that insisting on the observance of clauses contained in international agreements has nothing to do with interference. America's fear of tensions, including the threat of explosion in Eastern Europe, is understandable enough. But that is precisely why America should take an unconditional stand on the side of Soviet dissidents and opposition groups in the "People's Democracies." Participants in these movements are realistic thinkers: their demands are feasible; moreover, their attitudes and actions are free from what Communist propaganda likes to

describe as "trouble-making" and "war-mongering."

Indeed, it is the dissidents and opposition groups who guarantee that the pressures that emanate from the rank-and-file citizens will be kept within realistic limits. If they disappeared, if—in the face of Western, and especially American, indifference—police methods put a stop to their activities, irresponsible spontaneous elements would necessarily take over in the end. It might sound unbelievable, yet it is perfectly true, that peace in Eastern Europe does not depend on the discredited Communist Parties, whose only possible recourse invariably amounts to sheer brute force; it depends, instead, on a sensible opposition, a group aware of what should be done, and how much should be done, at each stage of the struggle for liberalization.

We can therefore only agree with Jacek Kuroń, principal leader of the Workers Defense Committee in Warsaw, whose essay "Ideas about a Program of Action" recently reached us from Poland. He writes: "Can we, at the present time, do something to prevent an armed Soviet intervention by giving up oppositional activity? I am convinced that the danger of intervention might become real not as a result of action on the part of the opposition, but, on the contrary, as a result of its weakness. What threatens the Polish people most at present is a state of anarchy that results from a total paralysis of the official authorities. It is this situation that has created a real danger of the most powerful social explosion in thirty years. The crisis we are now going through is not by any means new; it is the same crisis that began in 1953."

What seems basic for the "Eastern policy" of the new American Administration is to keep alive and always to *justify*, in East European countries and among the Soviet dissidents, the conviction that within detente and the spirit of Helsinki the President and his staff are doing everything possible to help maintain the idea of freedom in the Soviet Empire, while at the same time they are also doing everything in their power to discourage the Empire's "increasing integration"—that famous integration Helmut Sonnenfeldt raved about in the delirious "doctrine" he expounded at the Ambassadors' Conference in London.

Eastern Europe takes a sober view

of America's capabilities and intentions; no one now takes "liberation" or "roll-back" slogans at face value. It is nevertheless possible, even in the present atmosphere of circumspection, to achieve a great deal not only without interfering with international agreements, but, on the contrary, by following those agreements to the letter.

An Agenda

The Communist press is freely distributed in the West; the same rule should apply to the American and West European press in the Soviet bloc—and not, as is the case today, in homeopathic doses, but without any restrictions. The status of American and West European correspondents in the Soviet bloc should be exactly the same as that of the Communist correspondents in the West. Stations like Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe are being jammed or otherwise interfered with, whereas nobody jams or otherwise interferes with the broadcasts of Radio Moscow. Total equality in this respect should be demanded (and a thorough modernization of the Western stations should be effected). American and West European scholarly and cultural stipends are given only to candidates who are officially selected by the authorities of Eastern countries—an obviously dangerous, and in some cases harmful, practice that should be replaced by a normal process of grants and invitations based exclusively on an objective examination of the candidates' scholarly and cultural achievements. With a little imagination we could go even further and still be in keeping with Helsinki. For instance, it is now technically possible to relay television broadcasts by satellite to the USSR and other countries of the bloc; no document signed at Helsinki would stand in the way of a project of this kind.

NATIONAL REVIEW gave us a specific assignment: "A Free Pole Looks at Zbigniew Brzezinski." The Free Poles believe that Brzezinski could become, at President Carter's side, a spokesman for demands like the ones enumerated above, not because—let us insist once more—Brzezinski is of Polish birth, but because he is familiar with the specific features of Eastern Europe and the USSR. And, again, because widening the margin of freedom in the Soviet bloc is also in America's own interest.

□

BASIC READERS for the elementary grades aren't what they used to be, many parents complain to me. That judgment is correct. I have been looking at sample pages of readers, and here is a brief report.

Mr. Stanley W. Lindberg recently published *The Annotated McGuffey: Selections from the McGuffey Eclectic Readers, 1836-1920* (Van Nostrand Reinhold, \$12.95). This is a fat, handsome volume with representative samples of McGuffey, levels one through six, accompanied on each broad page by intelligent glosses and comments from Mr. Lindberg. The editor is very fair about both the virtues and the vices of the McGuffey Readers, which are still not altogether out of print.

After pointing out flaws in McGuffey, Mr. Lindberg remarks, "There can be little question that the McGuffey Readers—particularly in the earlier editions—were far more demanding and challenging than most present-day school texts. The subject range was greater, too, with many lessons on farming, science, history, and biography—in addition to the literary selections. And the subject of *death* (often taboo in twentieth century texts, at least until its recent popularization by the media) was confronted directly and frequently in the Readers. There was no room for the coddling of young people in the thinking of William Holmes McGuffey."

I inquired of my daughter Monica, now in the fourth grade (and so roughly at the level of *McGuffey's Fourth Reader*, or perhaps a trifle more advanced), what basic reader was employed in her class. She replied that their teacher didn't use the assigned textbook—merely the workbook. (I suspect that this was a prudent abstention.) Another reader was employed occasionally in Monica's class, but Monica did not seem much enlivened by it.

Well, look at *McGuffey's Fourth Reader*. The selections included in Lindberg's anthology are rather good: a poem by Samuel Rogers, a lesson on "The Wife" by Washington Irving, Grimké's "Duty of the American Orator," Drake's "Patriotism of Western

Literature," a dialogue by Maria Edgeworth, a poem about Alexander the Great, Mrs. Hemans' "Casabianca," a Civil War lament, a Hawthorne parable, Woodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket," much else. Not all the selections are first-rate, but many are, and the whole tone is ethical.

McGuffey's Readers were not the only series available during the nineteenth century, nor necessarily the best series: they were simply the series most commercially successful and most widely adopted. There came into my hands the other day (picked up for a quarter at the perpetual library-discard sale of Olivet College, blessed be the name of that library) a slim volume, published in 1889: *Specimen Pages of Harper's Readers*. The firm of Harper and Brothers then competed vigorously with the McGuffey series.

IN addition to some of the authors favored in *McGuffey's Fourth Reader*, *Harper's Fourth Reader* has Charles Kingsley, Barry Cornwall, John Esten Cooke, Benjamin Franklin, Mayne Reid, Charles Dickens, Andrew Lang, George Bancroft, Jean Ingelow, John Ruskin, C. M. Yonge, Alfred Tennyson, and some thoroughly forgotten. Ruskin, then at the height of his reputation, is particularly emphasized, and in the *Specimen Pages* is printed the concluding portion of *The King of the Golden River*.

Now, whatever the sins of omission of both McGuffey and Harper, still nothing they included was altogether trivial; and the general intention and result of these basic anthologies, beyond the fundamental purpose of teaching to read, was to supply very young people with some very old truths—to depict the norms of human existence, through humane letters. In that they succeeded reasonably well.

True, these nineteenth century anthologists printed mostly nineteenth century writers; and twentieth century anthologists print mostly twentieth century writers. This is understandable; the trouble is that by and large the nineteenth century writers were better in style and in substance. Also the nine-

teenth century anthologist, and the nineteenth century teacher, assumed that the young pupil was a rational being, educable, capable of acquiring a tolerable literary vocabulary; while most twentieth century anthologists and many twentieth century teachers do not so assume. Therefore most basic readers today are boring and trivial, if not positively baneful.

Are there no exemptions from this Draconian sentence? Oh, yes: two of the bigger publishers in this field, Open Court and Lippincott, have sound, sensible, and often imaginative basic readers available, right now—and the use of the Open Court Series and the Lippincott Series is increasing. But even Open Court and Lippincott perforce give way to various pressures, ideological and inane. There is the militant-feminist pressure, demanding more stories, with pictures, about girls as stevedores, naval commanders, clergypersons, and the like. (Open Court has been compelled to alter the sex of the Little Engine That Could to "she.") There is the pressure of the dull teacher and the duller administrator and the eccentric, virulent parent, demanding that publishers delete all fairy tales, all words of more than two syllables, all references to war.

So if you desire a truly commendable and unbowdlerized reading program for your offspring in grade school, read to them yourself—or get *them* started reading seriously, once they have mastered phonics. Start with what? Why, with George MacDonald—*The Princess and the Goblin* (don't be afraid of the dark), *The Princess and Curdie*, *At the Back of the North Wind*. Yes, these books remain in print. G. K. Chesterton and C. S. Lewis started out with MacDonald's romances for children, and never outgrew them. Go thou and do likewise—and fetch out *The King of the Golden River*, too. □

Mr. Kirk's *The Roots of American Order* will be reissued this fall in paperback by Henry Regnery's new Gateway Editions, and plans for a film based on the same book (screenplay by Bruce Herschensohn) are well under way.

The Spirit of America

WHILE MANY Americans are still casting long glances backward in the wake of the Bicentennial, the fact is that the American revolution is still going on, born again—to borrow a current phrase—into its third century, where it moves in fateful involvement with two other revolutions: the Christian and the Marxist. Our world is dominated exclusively by these three revolutions, and the future of all nations, of all individuals, will be played out in terms of them.

What is at stake is the spirit of America. No one has much difficulty in distinguishing between the spirit of America and the spirit of the Marxist revolution whose success avowedly depends upon defeating the U.S.A., its prime adversary. But major ambiguities have come to weaken our understanding of the spirit of America and to blur the historical relationship between it and Christianity.

The Rough Riders

In the fields of education, law, public morality, medical ethics, cultural activities, and sociological developments, a vociferous minority of “humanistic” Americans have with some success taken the oft-cited “wall” between Church and State, torn it apart, and used the materials to build a sledge in which to ride roughshod over any public expression of Christianity. According to them, Christianity has nothing to do with the spirit of America, and those who claim otherwise are enemies of the Constitution. Yet, in fact, Christianity is still the religion of the vast majority of Americans: it is the motivating basis upon which rests our national will to act for the right as God gives us to see it.

At home and abroad, many Christians have been persuaded to condemn America, spirit and all. In Latin Ameri-

Out of This World

MALACHI B. MARTIN

ca, Asia, and Africa, many have rallied to Marxism as a banner of hope, especially educated and persuasive Christian leaders—priests, ministers, intellectuals, bishops, cardinals, nuns, writers. It now seems possible that Marxist governments could be voted in in two predominantly Catholic West European nations within the next five years. Meanwhile, at home, some talk and act as if they had abandoned any real hope in America, whose future they view as the slow but sure decline of a wealthy hayseed giant, at times generous and ingenious, at times greedy and grubbily wasteful, at times author of the sort of mistakes that history never forgives a great power.

In the midst of this confusion, we embarked on the first presidential election of our third century. Suddenly, the most mysterious element in all of Christian revelation, the most untalkative personage of Christian history, became the most talked about and the most often adduced witness to genuine righteousness. Hundreds in public life, including the President-to-be, claimed a special relationship with that personage—they had been “born again” by the action of the Holy Spirit. Known for over 1,900 years as the Silent Paraclete, the Wordless Comforter, the Gentle Spirit, whose last manifestly public action took place about 33 A.D., the Holy Spirit purportedly had now broken a long silence.

Doubtless, being “born again” involves, for many of those who claim it, a genuine religious experience; no one need doubt that this expression of religious belief emerged in a presidential campaign from the authentic well-springs of the American spirit, Christianity. Americans will not be led too far away from that source. Built into the very soul of the Union is the conviction that only in Christianity does the American spirit find meaning and direction. No civilization has ever survived and flourished without having a sound religious basis, from which have sprung its morality, its goals, and its reasons for existence. America is no exception. If we are a nation of wealth, it is only with Christian guidance that we will use that gift to do more than extend and intensify the pleasure of our own lives; if we are a nation of power,

it is only in the spirit of Christ that we will use that power as a gift for human betterment.

In this sense, being “born again” signifies something potentially lethal for so-called American humanism: an irredentist Christianity that insists on preserving the basic moral and religious beliefs openly avowed in the American covenant between government and people, and many times avowed before the world as the basis for America’s hopes. To the degree that we have allowed humanistic spokesmen to dissuade us from our faith and to divorce our laws from our morals, to that degree have we allowed to slip from our grasp one of the most vital products of spirit: unity.

Looking beyond Humanism

“For a long time now,” President Carter remarked in his first fireside chat, “we Americans have not been really united together.” We may facetiously blame any number of things for this ragged condition—Vietnam, Watergate, the recession, TV violence, family decline, and so on. But the problem lies deeper, and its solution lies in the answer we will give to the question: Can we continue to compact together in this Union, in this political framework which presumes Christian morality and Christian belief as the source of its spirit, so that neither color nor race nor creed nor any particular human trait shall interfere with life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?

At the opening of our third century, then, Americans have again come to be remarkably aware of Christianity as that which made the success of their Union possible against all odds. In that awareness, improbable as it seems, a very large majority in this country has in effect put Congress, President, and Supreme Court on notice that something deeper than political savvy, something more universal than partisan leadership, something infinitely more promising than the hopeless message of a limited and myopic humanism is needed to reforge that union of wills without which our spirit cannot survive and flourish. If this country’s past is any lesson, it would be a good idea to lend an ear. □

Books Arts & Manners

The Virgins of Times Square

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Winners & Losers: Battles, Retreats, Gains, Losses, and Ruins from a Long War

By Gloria Emerson

Random House, 406 pp., \$12.95

As there is no greater incivility of which a reviewer is capable than to treat the book under his consideration as a mere pretext by way of which to strike at a larger subject, that incivility I am happy to offer Miss Emerson. Much of what there is to say about *Winners & Losers* itself has been said before, and in fora where bias against the book is presumed to be less indelible than in NATIONAL REVIEW: I am thinking especially of Christopher Lehmann-Haupt's devastating notice in the *New York Times*. For it would, quite simply, have been impossible for Miss Emerson to have botched her job worse. She writes vilely, with no sense of form, syntax, or organization, let alone grace. She was the *Times* correspondent in Vietnam; and the news pages of the paper are unarguably her natural habitat, to which her protective coloration has perfectly adapted her. She cannot, or else will not—and I gather from her book that she is stubborn as all hell—think: in describing the Vietnam War and its aftermath she is not less interested in considering the foreign policies and global strategies of nations than if she were describing the murderous brawling of two or three self-canceling red-necks in a roadhouse in Gallup, New Mexico.

HAD SHE MORE tightly sphinctered her emotions she might have come closer to accomplishing her obvious purpose, which was to portray the Vietnam War as the greatest world atrocity since God anaesthetized a Chinaman, extracted from him a rib, and breathed life into the first Caucasian. But as she wrote, her viscera churned while her brains drowsed, like those of a sated anaconda. Accordingly Miss Emerson has *not*, as she believes, written an anti-Vietnam polemic; she has written an antiwar diatribe, which is not the same thing at all.

Her tales of bloody mayhem in the Asian jungles are as martially archetypal as the most greasy-gutted stories in *The Naked and the Dead*, for Miss Emerson seems actually to believe that the way to discredit a particular war is to detail the horrors of war itself, whereby men are charred to death and

soldiers, beset by intimations of mortality, seek refuge in the army psychiatrist's office. Fancy thinking that one can score points by describing flares as devices "which light up the landscape at night like a strange and silvery sun so you can see who is out there to kill or to burn"!

As I wondered for the hundredth time how much militarist antitoxin one could squeeze from a vignette of a frightened German family being roasted to death in the crumbling cellar of a Dresden row house, I arrived at Miss Emerson's account of an interview with an affluent Houston citizen, a veteran of World War II who cheer-

fully described for her tape-recorder how he had looted his Italian prisoners of their watches and rings and denied a rescued Jew a square meal ("You God-damned Jews, I mean we're fighting this war for you and now I give you enough bread and now you want all of this"), and whom Gloria Emerson clearly regards as emblematic of the American GI. It was at this point that I decided upon incivility.

Winners & Losers is as full of atrocities as the Old Testament is of double-dorsal ecstasies. There are stories of Vietnamese children imprisoned for heaving hand-grenades at the Americans and at the ARVN, of verdant tropical deltas defoliated, of hideous acts of cultural imperialism, of paraplegics living out their lives in wheelchairs in upstairs bedrooms, of deserters returned home and ostracized by their neighbors in Cheyenne, of POWs snaked out of the comfortable rehabilitation centers of Hanoi and returned to their native land, there to commit suicide. Since her return from Nam, Miss Emerson has been a woman distracted. One weekend she rode up to Maine to visit with Richard Goodwin,



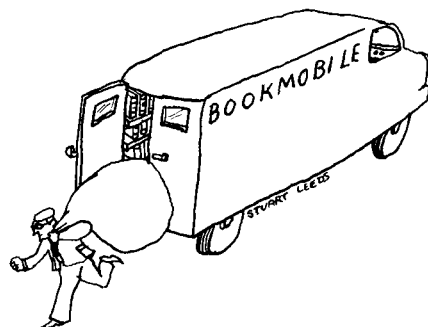
he writer, who introduced her to a quite old and tolerably sick tree. Gloria was unmoved by this imperiled life. "You would care if the tree was in Vietnam," Goodwin told her. She seems happily to admit that this was so.

Well why not? The Vietnamese are different from you and me: in fact they are *better* in all sorts of ways, from the most insignificant to the fundamental. For instance Vietnamese, unlike Americans, do not grow fat; do not have freckles but, rather, a pleasant, honeyed skin tone; have "less blood" than them do the round-eyes, who eat steak and have their choice of three flavors of ice cream when the luncheon bell rings on the field of battle; and do not fear the age of 45. On combat missions Vietnamese (North Vietnamese) soldiers do not behave like "grunts": they spend hours making exquisitely carved walking-sticks, and they are strong and proud and gallant, like an Albert Payson Terhune collie. They loved President Ho as no American could ever love President Nixon, or even Franklin Roosevelt. Something mystic there is in their land: something perceptible to only the most renegade Westerner who, when he succumbs to it, goes down like a 45-year-old virgin. If Don Luce of the Indochina Resource Center Miss Emerson writes: He looked more tired and drained in his own country than he did in Vietnam. It was very odd how his face changed: the color grew a little greyish and his eyes looked duller, as if the gods were wrong or the air not good or him."

YOU WILL gather that Miss Emerson is Puritanically anti-sumptuary. Indeed, she loathes indulgence of all kinds, for instance fatness. A sort of fat-versus-thin dialectic pervades her book: most of her Vietnamese characters are thin and small-boned, whereas her Americans are sweaty, overweight men. Her soldiers (sometimes presented as criminals, otherwise, when convenient, as victims of politicians) are wont to laugh at civilians, "that strange and messy race of people who are always somewhere else, clean, rested, fed, fat, unknowing." (Gloria herself, she lets slip, is thin—"too thin," she suggests, to appeal to the troops.)

She is also appalled by the Americans' habit of identifying the enemy as "Charlie" on their field radios: "Now Charlie is the name of a perfume by

Revlon, but no one seemed to mind or even notice, any more than they object to a perfume called Ambush." She is shocked by the fact that U.S. personnel in Saigon hired native housemaids, that Christmastime in Vietnam meant not Bethlehem but Bob Hope; and she was horrified when on her return she heard the voiceover in an Ideal Toy commercial intone "War Is Hell" as it reviewed the performance of a miniature tank. When, at the hairdresser's in New York, a woman told Gloria, "You



will never, never regret the experience. It's a once-in-a-lifetime chance," she was outraged. (I can understand this, however. To have it suggested that God sent fifty-odd thousand Americans and hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese to their deaths in order that Gloria might be taught how to write—and at the very moment when she, Gloria, was putting the finishing touches on a manuscript that might have been written by the Random House shredder!)

Yet Gloria Emerson is Puritanical also in the self-centeredness of her moral introversion. It becomes obvious early in the game that the Vietnamese serve her chiefly as a foil for the ugly and rapacious American: they offer a symbolic vision of what Westerners might be if only they would redeem their sordid lives. Thus what truly offends her is not the pain of the victims but the wickedness of the predators; she is less obsessed with the dying of Asiatics than with the moral rottenness of the Americans (alternately conceived of as Richard Nixon and We the People) upon whom she lays the full moral responsibility. "I could not forget Vietnam," she explains, "because I lived in the United States," where dogs defecate in the streets and the President commits felonies. As John Winthrop regarded Boston, so Miss Emerson regards the United States of America—as a "citty uponne a hill," founded at a great distance from the

Old World to polish its soul to a gleam of high moral perfection.

There are plenty like her among the ranks of high-minded American critics who deplore the activities of adventurers in the State Department and who are chiefly to be distinguished by the fact that in them liberalism and Puritanism cohere. As liberals, their view of the world is essentially that of a technician contemplating an intricate hand grenade with a circumference of 25,000 miles; as Puritans, their view of themselves and their culture is suffused with the knowledge of belonging to the Elect. In other words, they credit themselves with a superior moral percipience, which invests them with a superhuman sense of moral responsibility, which in turn permits them an extra-human autonomy in a world in which other human tribes bang helplessly against one another in frenzied Brownian disharmony. Applied to foreign policy, this transcendent arrogance induces a state of mind according to which, of Americans, great things are required—and of the rest of the world, *absolutely nothing*.

DURING THE anti-bribery campaign that followed in the wake of disclosures that numerous American corporations had paid off foreign governments in order to secure their business, American critics and politicians heaped opprobrium upon the Yankee businessmen, but they said nothing at all about the foreign leaders who had accepted their money. Similarly, Anthony Lewis, the *New York Times* columnist, has been denouncing for years the policies of President Nixon, who ordered U.S. troops to perform an "incursion" into Cambodia in 1970. Lewis is willing—only as of very recently, by the way—to admit that the Khmer Rouge have behaved barbarically in victory, but he continues to maintain that *their* atrocities lie on *our* conscience: *we* frustrated the Khmer leaders, thus ensuring that they would behave like monsters when they came to power at last.

Nevertheless, while we have the power to incite rambunctious foreigners to misbehavior, it is not in our power to make them behave: in this respect we can control only ourselves. "There is not much hope of affecting the Cambodian government," writes Mr. Lewis. "Among the world's tyrannies, it may be the least likely to be moved by outside protest. Those of us

RANDOM NOTES

■ **LAST OF THE MAY CROP:** When Diana Trilling discovered a couple of months ago that Little, Brown, the outfit that she had mistaken for a publisher, was actually a censor, she took the canceled manuscript (containing a counterattack against Lillian Hellman, who charged that Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Trilling had been insufficiently pro-pro-Communist) to Harcourt Brace, who will shortly be publishing it as *We Must March, My Darlings* at a list price of \$10. . . . William Innes Homer's *Alfred Stieglitz and the American Avant-Garde* (New York Graphic Society/Little, Brown, \$17.50) is a definitive study of the stellar figure of early-modern photography. There are 135 illustrations, among which are reproductions of Stieglitz' photos, of abstract paintings, and of the artist and his associates.

■ **SOME JUNE TITLES:** Julie Nixon Eisenhower's first book is called *Special People* (Simon & Schuster, \$8.95) and is composed of portraits of some of her acquaintances: Golda Meir; Mao Tse-tung;

Ruth Bell Graham; Charles, Prince of Wales; Anne Morrow Lindbergh; and Mamie Doud Eisenhower. . . . Mr. Ben Stein, who ran away from the *Wall Street Journal* last year in order to make his fortune on the West Coast, has tapped the financial expertise of his father, Herbert Stein, to write what looks to be the latest thing in disaster novels: *The Brink* (Simon & Schuster, \$8.95), about a rampaging and red-eyed Inflation. . . . *Apocalypse: The Book of Revelation* (Seabury Press, \$10.95), by Jacques Ellul and translated by George Schreiner, is a "humanistic" critique of the Book of Revelation. . . . Andrew Field's biography, *Nabokov: His Life in Part* (Viking, \$15) looks to be an excellent book. . . . In *The Day before Doomsday: An Anatomy of the Nuclear Arms Race* (Doubleday, \$8.95), Sidney Lens explains the wrong-headedness of the "balance of terror" strategy and claims that arms reduction talks have been mainly a form of sophisticated PR.

■ **SNEAK JULY PREVIEW:** In *PR as in President* (Doubleday, \$8.50), Vic Gold, alias The Retired Flack, examines the 1976 campaign, which he regards as the most synthetic in history.

in the West who are particularly concerned about human rights may be naturally inclined to exert influence where it may have effect: in countries sensitive to our criticism or dependent on relations with us." (Upon close inspection, of course, there are three such countries: South Korea, Chile, and the United States of America.) Lewis, writing in the *New York Times* in support of the confirmation of Paul C. Warnke as Chief Arms Negotiator for the U.S., defended Warnke for having spoken out several years ago in favor of unilateral disarmament. "Mr. Warnke," he observed, "was looking at the side that we can almost immediately affect: ourselves. The point he was making . . . is that we Americans, believing ourselves rational, should try the first steps to stop the spiral of increased arms spending."

The liberal critic of American foreign policy is after all a pragmatist, a realist of sorts, albeit a twisted and perverse one. *Physician, heal thyself*: the natural ignorance of the medical profession will allow you no wider success. But at present the veterans of the late antiwar movement are debating the extent to which they ought to speak out against the atrocities being practiced in South Vietnam by the North Vietnamese invaders and in Cambodia

by the Khmer Rouge: within the last month or so Jean Lacouture, the French journalist who so violently opposed the American presence in Vietnam, and Father André Gelin, a French-Canadian Jesuit who had lived in Vietnam from 1948 until he was expelled last year by the Communists, have published articles in *The New York Review of Books* denouncing the Vietnamese and Cambodian governments. Even Anthony Lewis has been moved to observe that "utility cannot be the only standard in these matters." Is Mr. Lewis, then, contemplating the pros and cons of sending American B-52s to bomb the bejesus out of Phnom Penh? The answer, of course, is No: he wants merely to argue that "To remain silent in the face of barbarism as enormous as Cambodia's would be to compromise our own humanity." (Perhaps President Carter should say something.) Anthony Lewis has come a long way, but he has not come far enough.

Gloria Emerson, meanwhile, is going backward. In *Winners & Losers* she records many encounters with people, both American and Vietnamese, who have not bothered to think very much about the causes that produced the Vietnam War in the first place. Describing the response of one American

who admitted to her that he did not know whether or not he believed that we were in Nam in order to save the South Vietnamese from the Communists, she says: "Mr. Parker spoke as if it did not make such a difference; a judgment was not required."

Nor is it required for *her*, she who never once in her book discusses the global context into which the war, to be understood, must be fitted. This is not, I suspect, because Gloria assumes that her reader takes it for granted that the Vietnam War was "meaningless": it is because she is in fundamental though tacit, agreement with the college professor whom she quotes as remarking, "Any idea of any importance bores me, generally."

Gloria, like Anthony Lewis, is obsessed not with foreign policy but with Morality: not with aiding a people threatened by tyranny but with keeping intact her clean, tight little soul. The arrogance, the selfishness—not to mention the futility—of this pose appears to have gone unrecognized by them both. God forbid that We should risk smudging Our souls in the service of foreigners who react to the stimulus of totalitarian indignity like trained dogs: people who, unlike a staff writer for the *New York Times*, are happier with plenty of rice and fish than with a typewriter and the freedom to use it. While American intellectuals save themselves for their own perfectibility, keep themselves chaste for the history books, the rest of the world may go hang.

HOW IRONIC that the American foreign-policy liberals, who ostensibly believe in pragmatic intervention, have not since 1965 discovered a pragmatic situation in which pragmatically to intervene! While the Khmer Rouge indulge themselves in what Lacouture calls "auto-genocide"—the extermination of a people by its own—what are Concerned Americans doing? Well, one veteran of the antiwar movement is writing letters to Gloria Emerson: "It's just a matter of time until we do it again, Miss Emerson. All we can do is postpone it for as long as we can." / A despairing veteran of the Vietnam War is making a living in California by "feeding earthworms." And a repatriated POW who collaborated with his captors in the North is currently making heavy weather of it back in the U.S.A. "He wanted to do so much

good," said his wife. "And it was easier for him to do it in prison."

Say what you will about Eleanor Roosevelt, when she set out to minister to the world she didn't begin by putting herself behind bars. Nor, of course, did President Lyndon Johnson—which is precisely what got him in dutch with people like Anthony Lewis and Gloria Emerson. □

Comrade Chiang Ch'ing

By Roxane Witke

Little, Brown, 549 pp., \$15

THE VAMP OF PEKING

FRANCIS B. RANDALL

It's awfully easy to make fun of Chiang Ch'ing. A second-rate actress in Shanghai in the Thirties (melodramatic music, please), allegedly Communist but certainly involved politically and perhaps sexually with some sleazy characters, maybe even with the police, she fled from the Japanese invasion and wound up in Yen-an, where the Communist guerrillas were then holed up, and vamped their leader, Mao Tse-tung, almost twice her age, who had already abandoned three wives. (Or did *he* seduce *her*? His first date was a ticket to one of his lectures at the Marxist-Leninist Institute, but, sorry, there's nothing in this book about Mao in bed.) And she got him to marry her, to the disgust of his puritanical fellow Reds.

Just 11 years later, Mao finished conquering China and moved with her into adjacent imperial apartments in Peking. We all know what *he* did. *She* tried to break into high politics, but he didn't help her, and his henchmen restricted her jealously to the domains of literature, drama, film, opera, and ballet, where for 25 years she did her level best to reduce the quite dismal enough culture of Communist China to super-leftist, super-flat, super-cartoonish, god-awful, kitsch jokes.

But in the mid-Sixties, when his horrendous blunders forced even his colleagues to put *him* on the shelf, *she* became a major figure in the campaign,

the "Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution," by which he recaptured power and pushed all China into chaos. She eagerly seized the opportunity to revenge herself on all the cultural figures who had put her down in Shanghai, or had slighted her in Yen-an, thirty years before.

As Mao went gaga after 1969, she ranted ever more shrilly for more leftist frenzy in culture and politics, and allied herself now with Lin Piao, now with the Shanghai Gang, to take over China after hubby's impending death. Meanwhile she luxuriated imperially in silks, villas, and orchid gardens, ordering everybody to hop to it or clear out of the way, relieving her tensions by taking thousands and thousands of "art" photographs, and watching private showings of foreign movies—e.g., Greta Garbo's—which she had forbidden to the public.

In 1972, she remembered how Mao in 1938 had advanced his plots by pumping stories into Edgar Snow, who wrote them up as *Red Star over China*, that effective Red Snow job on America. She summoned a visiting American Sino-logical scholar, Roxane Witke, to two of her villas outside Canton, and poured forth days of imperiousness and charm, autobiography, distortions and evasions, which, with Professor Witke's low-keyed commentaries and fillings-in, constitute this often arguable but admirable and important book. It tells us little about Mao the leader or even the man, but (*if* you can trust her) an enormous amount about Chiang Ch'ing's life and cultural battles, and it paints an incomparable picture of the woman who was then not that far from being

Empress of China. It didn't work, of course. No sooner did hubby finally die than Party hacks in Peking and common people in Shanghai alike rose up and purged her and her Gang, inflicting on her a very large dose of all the vile Communist humiliations she had dealt out to so many others.

But perhaps one shouldn't make fun of Chiang Ch'ing. She was born poor, in a Shantung town in 1914, to a brutal wheelwright and a wretched domestic servant. Suffering from severe digestive disorders, she still had the drive to secure a primary education, some training at a theater school, and even some time at Tsingtao University. There she became some sort of Communist, to redeem her outraged country. In the miserable, febrile cultural world of Shanghai in the Thirties, she became a somewhat successful actress on stage and screen, and a kind of feminist as well (her most notable role was Nora in *A Doll's House*).

BUT PERSONAL and political humiliations and persecutions, poverty, months in prison, and unremitting illness made life a hell. She fled to Yen-an, and, miraculously, married Mao, a world-historical figure; but life was blighted by the unbending disapproval of his male chauvinist comrades—and then by tuberculosis. When Mao conquered China, she conquered tuberculosis, but was then afflicted by a hopeless series of liver, gall bladder, and kidney ailments, and finally by cervical cancer. (Feel like laughing at her now?) She spent most of 1949, 1952-53, and 1956-57 in the isolation of dreadful Soviet hospitals; she was bedridden from 1953 to 1958.

And then, a second miracle, she gained better health in the early Sixties than she had ever known before, in time to join her husband in the most desperate battle of his career—against many of his oldest comrades-in-arms—to re-establish the highest Left revolutionary principles that either he or she, in their pitifully limited educations, had any conception of. A *third* miracle, *they* were (temporarily) successful, and *she* broke many of the bonds of eternally patriarchal China to become a public speaker, a member of the Politburo, a charismatic national leader, a world figure, the most vigorous embodiment of Mao's revolutionary cause, and the only really powerful woman in Chinese Communist history.



Francis B. Randall studies Russian and Communist history and art and teaches at Sarah Lawrence College.

Did she sink into a character and a way of life that belied her ideals? Professor Witke confirms this. And many of us still think that her Communist ideals, however sincere, were, like Nazi ideals, utterly horrible. And she failed, utterly, to attain the supreme power. She aspired enough and she suffered enough to deserve true greatness, of lifework, and of soul. But she did not reach it, and that is part of the continuing tragedy of the Left and the eternal tragedy of woman. □

Sharing the World's Resources

By Oscar Schachter

Columbia University Press,
172 pp., \$7.95

EQUITY OR CHILIASM?

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

As with anything Oscar Schachter writes, this is a careful, craftsmanlike, and informative discussion. Here he seeks to apply historical, legal, and moral criteria to the problem of justice in international distribution of at least those things that are perceived as not firmly distributed—e.g., the resources of the ocean. Schachter also discusses claims concerning the pricing of raw materials, claims of future v. present generations, etc.

A book such as this necessarily raises more questions than it answers. Schachter's important contribution lies in his ability to define the issues clearly enough so that the outlines of alternative answers heave into sight. But it is a treacherous sea, and, while I admire the lucidity and carefulness of the discussion, I rarely agree with it. Let me mention just two among many disagreements. I cannot see how need can be transformed into entitlement, as Schachter comes near to doing. a) Is "need" more than a pompous word for desire or claim—i.e., is there some objective standard to determine it? b) If need is to be a basis for right, why not might? (We would have an objective standard there.) Do I sense some sort of natural law idea lurking here? What sort? I suspect, one that wears the rationalistic disguise of John Rawls's New England piety. Must we universalize it? I am hard to convince that needing or wanting entitles me to anything—though I am willing to admit that there is a notion of moral justice in

which need plays a role. But Schachter is not discussing it—or is he?

Never mind that Schachter is correct in pointing out that the identity of need and right is often presumed. So is charity often confused with justice: the more reason to distinguish. Incidentally, Schachter should know that although Marx popularized it, the phrase "to each according to his need" was invented by Louis Blanc. Moreover, neither Blanc nor Marx—unlike Schachter—regarded need as a criterion of justice. Marx felt able to repudiate the concept "justice" altogether in favor of "historical necessity." He used the Blanc formula to characterize a post-history, post-justice society based not on equity, merit, or equality, but on communality. Fantasies cannot be wrong. But Schachter fails to understand the chiliastic nature of the Blanc-Marx idea and mistakes it for a concept of equity.

SCHACHTER is quite right in pointing out that the idea—better, the fiction—of a "just price" plays a role in rhetoric, and even politics. Corrupted perhaps by his lengthy stay at the UN, Schachter sometimes confuses the two. (These confusions are infectious, but I hope not incurable.) He is wrong in believing that the medieval *pretium justum*, which is the source of the idea, was supposed to be "reached through free bargaining and full knowledge," i.e., was a competitive price. (The doctors of the church wanted to condemn fraud, but they had no more notion of a competitive market equilibrium price than most lawyers do.) On the contrary, the *pretium justum* was an ideal customary price maintaining customary status relationships, whereas the market price was regarded, as often as not, as unjust or unfair. It still is by clergymen. This matters, for if those who demand "just prices" now meant free market prices, I'd be all in favor. They mean, however, prices to serve their (moral and immoral) ambitions, or standards, or "needs," by means of monopolistic practices—the opposite of free market prices. The *pretium justum* is a non-market price, and the trouble with it is that it is a disincentive price leading to misallocations, despite its moral beauty.

Well, I could find more things to dis-

agree with. But the importance of *Sharing the World's Resources* lies in the lucidity and the political (if not economic) realism with which issues are defined, so as to enable one to disagree. For this achievement Professor Schachter must be congratulated. □

FICTION

The Autumn of the Patriarch

By Gabriel García Márquez

Harper & Row, 269 pp., \$10

THE SOLITUDE OF POWER

RONALD DE FEO

Though he is one of the wittiest and most exhilarating of contemporary Latin American writers, García Márquez has repeatedly created characters who live, to varying degrees, in a state of solitude. From the earliest work, *Leaf Storm*, to the wonderful novella *No One Writes to the Colonel*, to the masterwork *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, we find people existing not only in spiritual isolation but in physical isolation as well: Macondo, the author's miraculous mythical town—the setting of much of his work—has been "condemned" to solitude, and indeed is so remote from the rest of the world that it possesses its very own laws of nature and logic.

The Autumn of the Patriarch (which has been superbly translated by Gregory Rabassa) is García Márquez' most intense and extreme vision of isolation. In this fabulous, dream-like account of the reign of a nameless dictator of a fantastic Caribbean realm, solitude is linked with the possession of absolute power. The author has worked with this theme before—notably when tracing the career and increasing loneliness of Colonel Aureliano Buendía in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*—but here it receives the grand treatment.

Yet the book is in no way a case history or a psychological portrait of a dictator. It is, rather, a rendering in fantastic and exaggerated terms of a particular condition of might and isolation. As such, it is essentially plotless, though it is stuffed with enough anecdotes and incidents for several novels. When, at the beginning of the book, an unidentified party breaks into the decaying presidential palace and discovers



HELP WANTED. National Review needs new readers. If you know anyone (friends, relatives or business associates) you think should be reading National Review, use the handy card facing this page to introduce them to NR *today*. There is no better place for them to find that happy balance to the liberal news media than in NR. Especially *now* during the takeover period of the Carter Administration when the need for the "other side" of the news will be greater than ever. You can introduce someone to NR at the special low rate of just \$7.50 for ten big issues (twenty weeks). Don't miss this opportunity to do a friend a favor—a favor that may well have a lasting impact. Your friend will appreciate it, and so will we.

the lichen-covered body of the patriarchal general who has governed the country for well over two centuries, a flood of memories of his incredible reign is released, and it is these memories, both collective and individual, flowing in free-associative, temporally jumbled repetition, that form the entire novel.

As the holder of absolute power, García Márquez' patriarch is the dictator to end all dictators. He continues in his role year after year, decade after decade, surviving betrayals by aides, plots against him, assassination attempts. His personal make-up is such that he is still able to rule, to cultivate "the solitary vice of power," while fully aware of the deceivers all around him and after learning of the brutal murder of his family. He controls his world so completely that he can easily transform a slum into a suburban paradise (simply to gratify a special woman), rig the national lottery so that he will always win, alter television soap operas so that they will reflect happiness instead of gloom, even sell the Caribbean Sea to North American buyers.



And yet the stronger the general grows, the more removed from humanity and truth he becomes. The novel is studded with images of him securing his door at night (lowering three cross-bars, locking three locks, throwing three bolts). He often seems to be in limbo, marking time as he waits for an end that refuses to come. We are told at one point that he would spend time with his double (who served as a target for potential assassins) "watching it rain, counting swallows on languid September afternoons like two aged lovers, so far removed from the world that he himself did not realize that his fierce struggle to exist twice was feeding the contrary suspicion that he was existing less and less."

No summary or description of this book can really do it justice, for it is not only the author's surrealistic flights of imagination that make it such an exceptional work, but also his brilliant use of language, his gift for phrasing and description. As with *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, the reader is repeatedly surprised by the grace and ease

with which an image is recorded, a phrase is turned.

And yet one must note, regretfully, that for all its brilliance *The Autumn of the Patriarch* is a difficult book to stay with for an extended length of time, difficult not because of the sentences that run on for pages or the absence of paragraphs, but because of an overabundance of riches. At times, the marvelous details accumulate so rapidly that the reader is simply overwhelmed by them. He seeks relief, a subdued passage in which to rest, but the author does not accord him that opportunity. At times, García Márquez' passion for inflation causes him to create a tale that is, even in a fantastic context, a shade too strained and whimsical—such as the account of the two thousand children kidnapped by the government to prevent them from revealing their role in the general's crooked lottery.

Still, of course, it is that very same passion for the absurd and the exaggerated that is responsible for the innumerable grand, witty passages we find—for example, the general discovering the hidden sentiments of his staff through the graffiti in the palace bathroom, or the account of a traitor who is served as a main course to the general's staff ("Major General Rodrigo de Aguilar entered on a silver tray stretched out on a garnish of cauliflower and laurel leaves . . . embellished with the uniform of five golden almonds for solemn occasions"). Here and elsewhere throughout this unique, remarkable novel, the tall tale is transformed into a true work of art. □

ON THE SCREEN

BOY MEETS SHIKSA

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Woody Allen's new film, *Annie Hall*, concerns a young man who has his heart broken by a girl named Annie Hall, which probably has something to do with the title. The lad's name is Alvy Singer: he's a standup comedian who makes a career of exploiting his New York Jewish intellectual neuroses. He meets a cute Midwestern *shiksa* (played by Allen's own ex-*shiksa*, Diane Keaton), embraces her and initiates her into his little mysteries, finally

loses her as her singing career advances.

It isn't easy to disentangle the biographical publicity attending this autobiographical film from the film itself; probably it is wrong-headed to try. Woody Allen is not an actor but a movie star, just like Gable and Bogart, for whom the maintenance of a consistent persona from one film to the next is all in a day's work. In Woody's case the persona is even more enveloping than for the old-time stars, since he has always put his private life up front—as Groucho Marx and Jerry Lewis never did.

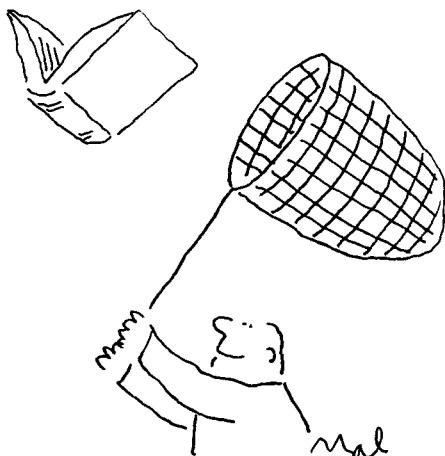
HE WHO despises himself, Nietzsche says somewhere, nonetheless esteems the despiser within himself. Woody's soliloquies (and *Annie Hall* teems with them) address that despiser, trying to charm, appease, and outflank him. He treats the audience the same way, as if to anticipate its presumptive contempt for him. Why does he expect contempt? Because, apparently, he is a man of humble origins: Alvy is a Jew who grew up literally under a roller coaster in Coney Island—the ultimate Brooklynite. Sometimes he kids his anxiety by making Alvy paranoiacally touchy about antisemitism, and sometimes he indulges it by making Annie's family really antisemitic. Either way, *Annie Hall* expresses his own self-absorption: you never know whether you are seeing reality *à clef*, or Allen's perception of reality, or his *perception* of his perception of reality. But the jokes are funny even when it's not clear who their butt is. He traps you inside his quirky consciousness and unscrupulously tickles you to death.

And if I were a mere reviewer and not a sage, I would say: Go see this one, because it's very funny. Woody Allen is one of the authentic wiseguys of this world. The best of this movie's many funny moments are visual wisecracks, as when, dining with Annie's stiff WASP family, Alvy is suddenly transformed into a venerable Hasid, or when, invited to snort some \$2,000-per-ounce cocaine, he sneezes and blasts a fortune's worth all over the room.

Annie Hall is frequently funny; but not integrally funny. The slight story of a vapid affair is heavily festooned with *mots* and gags that run on without adding up; after a while they seem ad hoc, defensive, timid, merely tactical

self-deprecations even when Woody is trying to lure us, as Alvy lures Annie, into his language-field. Alvy's seduction of Annie is less sexual than terminological: he teaches her—trains her—to talk his lingo, the Village patois, and ridicules her Midwestern colloquialisms, like “neat,” even though these are clearly part of her charm for him. She learns the ropes too well and, her own woman, finally leaves him floundering in his own wry *Weltschmerz*. His antagonists are smoothies (like the recording mogul she leaves him for) and pseudo-intellectuals (he shows up a boor in a ticket line by magically producing Marshall McLuhan to confute the fellow's phony explications of McLuhanism); the Prince of Darkness is a name-dropper, one who invokes the portentous frivolously. Alvy may not prevail, but he always has the privilege of the last word.

THE WHOLE MOVIE, one feels, is his last word: it should have been called *Alvy Singer*. If Woody couldn't make the kind of chivalrous homage to a woman that (say) Truffaut or Rohmer might have given us, he should at least have had the courage of his neuroses and given us a comedy of miscegenation. The old ethnic hierarchies persist furtively, as his anxieties attest, and sex is a form of upward mobility for men: courtship suits to mix stocks. The painful crossing of cultural lines, with humble monogamous yearnings, would offer plenty of scope to his wit, and it is territory almost unexplored and unexploited in movies; but he backs away from it like a scared crab. And anyway, it would have required some attempt to see people whole, including the anti-semitic family but starting with Annie herself, who comes out so dull you wonder why his heart is broken: was



there ever any future in her? What it finally comes to is ninety minutes of coitus interruptus, fun but fruitless. *Annie Hall* may look like a comedy or a romance, but it's really a *tsuris* trap. □

DELECTATIONS

EATING OUT IN NEW YORK

NIKA HAZELTON

Eating out in New York is expensive, much more so than in most other American cities, as visitors have found out to their sorrow. What's more, in many restaurants, especially the fancy French ones, even if the food is good the help is so snooty to unfamiliar customers that you want to see the whole staff horsewhipped. Let's face it: without customers, a waiter would be out of a job. Courteous service is as important as good food and pleasant surroundings: and it is possible to find New York restaurants that have all three, at various levels of expense and formality.

The Four Seasons, possibly the best-known luxury restaurant in the country, is expensive; but, if you have the money, you can be assured of grand surroundings, elegant, imaginative food, and help that is intelligent, concerned, and polite (even to guests without reservations and to women eating alone: my spies tested these points).

There is a tremendous feeling of space in both the Pool Room and the Grill Room, which are connected by a passage graced with a genuine Picasso wall-hanging. The ceilings must be 25 feet high; copper-colored chains, acting as draperies, ripple before the tall windows; the walls are covered with dark or ivory paneling; and there are big potted plants everywhere. In the Pool Room, the square, gently bubbling pool is framed in marble, with huge trees at each corner; big beige-linen-covered tables and deep armchairs face the shimmering water. The Grill Room is less formal: black leather banquettes hug the wall, and there is a raised platform with tables, and a very pretty square bar. Throughout, the light is golden.

This is not your traditional restau-

rant, but a place whose beauty is independent. The food is independent too, and, as the restaurant's name implies, the menus change every season. Some prime examples: clams with green onions and truffles; crisped shrimp with mustard fruit—an unlikely-sounding but most successful combination of deep-fried, very firm shrimp served with fruit in a mustard-flavored sauce; *graaवलax*—pickled salmon with a dill-mustard sauce (a Scandinavian dish that I make at home: I will send the recipe to anyone who asks for it). And as far as I know, the Four Seasons is the only restaurant in New York where you can eat a classic *truite au bleu*: for this dish, the trout must be killed the instant before it is cooked, which means you must have a trout pool near the kitchen (standard equipment in a good European restaurant, but very rare here). Condiments are also used creatively: ragout of baby lamb with saffron; calf's liver with sage butter; duck, perfectly roasted, with green pepper. Among the desserts, I find the chocolate cake and the fresh fruit sherbets to be the best.

AND THE Four Seasons' kitchen does not rest on its own laurels. New ideas come constantly from famous guest chefs, like the Michelin-starred Alain Chapel, who, for three weeks, prepared an extraordinarily subtle *haute cuisine* meal, with good wines, which cost \$75 per person and was booked solid every night. A number of California vintners hold an annual tasting of their wines here, for which the restaurant prepares special dishes like scallop mousse, pâté of wild duck, and so on, to suit each wine. Other events of this kind abound, including a Wine Seminar. And the Four Seasons' own wine list is outstanding in its selection of American and French wines, and even more outstanding in the reasonableness of its prices. You can get a bottle for well under \$10, and you won't be scorned if you choose, say, a Hungarian rosé for \$6.50. The wine is dispensed by the captains rather than by *sommeliers*; they will advise understandingly.

In the Grill Room the food has been chosen deliberately to accommodate people who don't want either to eat or to pay too much, but the service is as good as in the Pool Room. The steak tartare is said to be the best in New York (though I don't care for the dish myself); the grilled meats are perfectly done, whether paillards of lamb, veal,

beef, or chicken; there is a skewer of shrimp and chipolata sausages; and so on. Whereas entrees in the Pool Room run, on the average, from \$12.50 to \$16.50, Grill Room entrees run from about \$6.95 to \$9.75. The presentation, of course, is different: the Pool Room waiters will present you your dish for approval and serve it formally, whereas in the Grill Room it is brought to you already on the plate. As it is, the Grill Room has become the gathering place, especially at lunch time, for New York publishers and people from the wine world. The Four Seasons also offers a pre- and after-theater dinner at the *prix fixe* of \$15 (from 5:00 to 6:45 and 10:00 to 11:30) with a choice of six entrees.



The owners of the restaurant are two Hungarian expatriates, Tom Margittai and Paul Kovi, experienced restaurateurs both, and interesting men who would deserve a column devoted to them alone. The *maitre d'* is the handsome, suave Oreste, who sees all. Even if only for a drink, go visit the Four Seasons (99 East 52nd Street. Reservations: PL 4-9494. Lunch and dinner; closed Sunday).

Le Moal is a neighborhood French restaurant not far from Bloomingdale's, the store to which Queen Elizabeth was taken to experience swinging New York. Le Moal, done in a vaguely Breton manner, is roomy, the tables big and not too close together, so that you can talk in private. It is the comfortable, reasonably priced place everybody is always looking for, where the waiters are nice even to people who don't have reservations, and where you can linger over your meal. The menu is a pleasant, predictable one, with daily specials such as *coq au vin*, *filet de sole dieppoise*, and *gigot d'agneau* costing just over \$5 at luncheon; as in almost all New York restaurants, dinner prices are slightly higher. There are also a number of dishes you don't often find in New York, or don't find done as well as at Le Moal, such as the *moules marinière*, the *tripes à la mode de Caen*, the calf's brains *au beurre noir*. The wine list is also reasonably priced. All in all, an agreeable, convenient restaurant with a

steady group of customers who return year after year. (Le Moal is located at 942 Third Avenue near 56th Street. Open seven days a week. Reservations: MU 8-8860.)

The Woman's Exchange (541 Madison Avenue, near 55th Street; PL 3-2330) is a long-established New York Benevolent Institution originally designed for the help of gentlewomen fallen upon hard times. Apart from running the restaurant, the Exchange accepts and sells antiques on commission, and has a group of women who do the most exquisite needlework—the kind you thought had died out long ago—as well as preparing beautiful food: jams, hors d'oeuvres, wedding cakes (these can be spectacular), pies, entrees. Some of the food is ready-cooked, some is done to order, and I suggest to my New York readers that they order their Thanksgiving pies or other goodies from the Woman's Exchange when they want to make a special impression. There is also a gift shop, and of course the restaurant, which accepts *no* reservations.

The food is of the good, homey kind: codfish balls, baked chicken, beef stew, main-course salads, and delicious old-fashioned desserts. Everything is nicely prepared and served by maternal, efficient waitresses. Prices are more than reasonable, with entrees around \$3 (a little more at dinner), and complete lunches and dinners from about \$4 to \$7. The bar serves ample, well-made drinks. The place is jammed at lunch, and one should arrive either before noon or after 1:30 to be promptly seated, but nobody minds standing in line. Dinner, until 8 P.M., is less crowded. This restaurant is part of the world of Old New York society, whose members don't have to show off their position or their charities. I will say one thing for the old girls: they know how to hoist one. □



The GIMLET EYE

ON SPEED

D. KEITH MANO

It's rip cord time: fat glebes of rubber are peeling off my brain. I'm treadless; I have the old Synapse Collapse. My eyes corner like an acid-fool Ferrari. I'm reading. It's a speed and comprehension test. Opened up full, I will score 316 wpm and 76 per cent. But when you consider that I read every damn thing three times—once) for meaning; twice) for style; thrice) for what I can steal—my flat-out rate is probably closer to 105.33333. Yet there are perks that come with being a trilobite-slow reader. I'm transient: I live in books, I don't read them. Point at any title in my library. Go on: try me. I can tell you exactly where I read it: time of day, temperature, and the stewardess' cup size. As for plot, character, and general gist: flunk: I have no idea whatever. The pages might never have been cut. You've heard about Total Recall. What we have here is Total Remiss.

THE LITTLE MAN will speak in hyphens, e.g., "Upon completion of this speed-reading program, the average person is reading anywhere-from-1,500-to-2,500-wpm with approximately one-and-one-half-times-more-comprehension." We'll all be word jocks. Excuse me: think I'll put on my sneakers and read a bit. The Little Man straight-jives and nice-guys us right to brownringville. He's very young and clean: but even now there's a prefatory bummishness about him. I figure he looks the way Ratso Rizzo must have looked taking his First Communion. "You'll get a certificate from our speed-reading school. It-sounds-pretty-impressive-on-a-résumé." On an otherwise blank résumé. The Little Man mentions this 14-year-old chick who can do 13,000 wpm: *Jaws* in 4.22 minutes. And I wonder, suppose it were a super-comic novel instead, a great Evelyn Waugh. Would her laughs come out—hpp, hpp, hpp,—high-voiced and jerky, like 33 rpm on 78?

See, there are four-major-reading-faults-which-we-all-practice-daily. Dump them, wham, you can speed-read. Only clinker is: each and every fault turns

out to be a virtue. Screw it, these faults are what reading is.

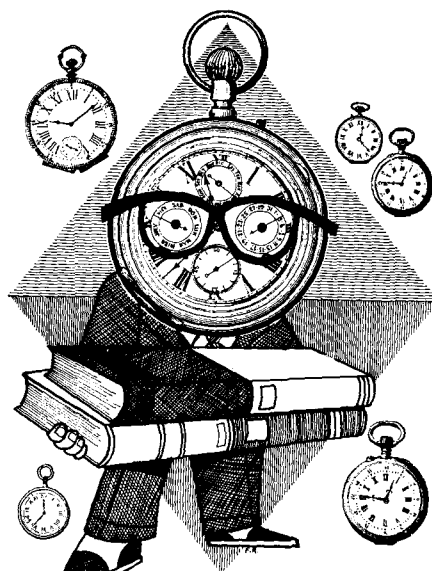
1. *Subvocalization*: the little voice-over that says each word aloud while you read. "It's impossible to subvocalize when you're reading above 1,000 wpm, and we-get-you-far-above-1,000-wpm." I wanna dry-retch. All those hours that I—and any writer who isn't stone incompetent—have spent on assonance, consonance, alliteration, not to mention dialogue tones, not to mention voice (this column, for instance, is written in my right-wing, cold-turkey, Hunter S. Thompson voice)—all, all quite pishered away. Subvocalization, that *fault*, differentiates the written page from the IBM key punch card. "All-reading-is, is looking at symbols." All reading is, my clong. Imagine *Hamlet* or *Ulysses* without sound. Mutha, that's like going to an Eighth Avenue massage parlor for the massage.

2. *Limited Eye Span*. Little Man has us flip a page upside down. "You see the whole page because-it's-gibberish. Right side up you fixate on about one-half-to-three-quarters-of-an-inch. The average person completing this course will read three-lines-at-a-time, about twenty-or-thirty-words-per-eye-fixation." Glom what this means for literature. The line-of-speech is on its way south. Enough speeders and literature will go from a sound-meaning operation to a shape-meaning operation. Marvelous new kinds of illiteracy are on tap. Any writer who cares, who isn't just a waterheaded hack, will have to function in symbol clusters: little three-line etchings. Beauty, if that crank concept is around at all, will be only in the hands of some linotypist.

3. *Poor Eye Control*. "Through rigorous eye exercises we will give you perfect-eye-control. By perfect-eye-control I mean: reading-every-single-page-the-exact-same-way-at-the-exact-same-pace." What this hydrocephalic geek has in mind for us is a set of emotional and intellectual OSHA standards. Listen, Blemish: books are *supposed* to jerk your pace around. I'm writing a 700-page novel and anybody who can read it through the-exact-same-way has missed my point and I hope his dipstick falls off. Ever wonder what feeb population bought those \$500 porcelains of burnt-out shepherdesses and anal-retentive baby animals that you see for sale in *The New Yorker*? Now I know: speed-readers.

4. *Regression*. All day long, so Fis-

tula says, your mind is idling at 1,000 wpm. Under stress (when you plow through the guard-rail, say) it can hit 100,000 wpm. "Yet you read at 200 to 300 wpm and you're trying to force your mind to come down from 1,000. In-plain-English-you're-boring-your-mind. So you experience day-dreaming and inattention." Balls. David Smith has said, "A work of art is always completed by the viewer." Some idiot flywheeling will occur, natch. But it's there—in the gap between 300 wpm and 1,000 wpm—that our creative surplus holes up; free association, word work, mnemonic images. Reading is, in fact, a form of art. And art is play. And speed-reading gives your mind about as much play as you'd get from the handle of a paper towel dispenser in some public high school washroom.



So I say to Little Man: "If you remove subvocalization and regression, you destroy the poetic value of words: their resonance in your ear and in your mind."

And Glaucoma replies, with all the art-appreciation of a museum coat-checker, he replies, "Exactly. No doubt about it."

There are six million speeders at large now. There will be more: Americans love to short-cut. Speed-reading is a kind of heavy appliance. Increased data comprehension; decreased ability to respond. The implications for our mental health are not bullish. They've turned reading into technique; into a passive act. What they've done, St. Stolid preserve us, they've turned it into television. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

CONVENTION, by Richard Reeves (Harcourt Brace, 246 pp., \$10). Richard Reeves has written here a lively, informative book, reminiscent in format of Robert Altman's film *Nashville*, about the 1976 Democratic convention in New York City. The narrator's eye sweeps over the whole monumental cast and focuses on a score of the more colorful individuals in the crowd, providing a clear-sighted glimpse into this tinsel circus, this four-day festival of pandering to the television cameras and ritualized harmony among the party leaders. As such it was more Bob Strauss's convention than Jimmy Carter's: it was Strauss who had masterminded the committees and councils and rules changes that sterilized the proceedings at Madison Square Garden and successfully averted the tremors that had rocked the last two Democratic conventions. There was not much intellectual substance at this shindig, but that bothered the participants little. They lobbied for their own interests, cosied up to the new chieftains from the South, and tried to grab as much free national air time as they dared. Crammed into an arena designed for crowds half as large, ripped off by \$35,000-a-year union electricians, nominating a candidate they did not know, the delegates probably did not even have time to grumble, as a weary and beaten Hubert Humphrey did on the last night of the convention: "Jesus. There's got to be a better way."

JAMES P. POTTER

FIRE AND ICE: The Story of Charles Revson—The Man Who Built the Revlon Empire, by Andrew Tobias (Morrow, 282 pp., \$10). This is an absorbing, insightful account of a crude, yet talented and hard-driving, tycoon—the man who makes it on his own, who outmaneuvers his competition, browbeats his executives, and somehow remains unsure of himself even if he is not at all unsure of his goals and how to achieve them. Revson, an untutored but energetic man who started out by selling nail polish in the 1930s and died in 1975 owning a half-billion-dollar cosmetics industry, was the prototypical ugly-American businessman. His private life became increasingly impersonal as his business became his existence: his closest relationships were with his executives; although he was married three times, his only true spouse was his work. Given to a wildly extravagant lifestyle (New York on five thousand dollars a day, as Tobias puts it), he was known to grow livid if a paper clip was thrown away. But despite the vehemence with which many of Revson's former employees spoke of him, (Continues on page 627)

Facing facts in the post-detente world.

By pursuing a policy of one-sided "co-operation" with the Soviet Union, the United States has lost much of its will to launch new policy initiatives and allowed itself to fall dangerously behind in military strength. Such is the sobering conclusion of this important new book, perhaps the most comprehensive assessment yet made of America's changed position in the world since Vietnam.

DEFENDING AMERICA

Toward a New Role in
the Post-Detente World

Introduction by
James R. Schlesinger

Contributions by

Robert Conquest
Theodore Draper
Gregory Grossman
Walter Laqueur
Edward N. Luttwak
Charles Burton Marshall
Paul H. Nitze
Norman Polmar
Eugene V. Rostow
Leonard Schapiro
James R. Schlesinger
Paul Seabury
W. Scott Thompson
Albert Wohlstetter

"A powerful antidote to the complacency which marks so much recent thinking about America's foreign and defense policies."
—SEN. HENRY M. JACKSON

\$14.95 at bookstores, or direct
from the publisher.

BASIC
BASIC BOOKS INC.
10 EAST 53RD ST.,
NEW YORK 10022



Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

THE MORE WE LEARN about the Watergate affair, the more it appears that the authentic culprits in that drama were not the unhappy Nixon and his Germanic front men, but their accusers in the press and Congress.

A great deal of unsavory information about the conduct of Presidents has come to view since Nixon was forced to resign the White House, and in the light of these disclosures it is plain that Nixon, whatever his sins, was hopelessly outclassed in public infamy by the likes of Franklin Roosevelt, John Kennedy, and Lyndon Johnson. Yet it was Nixon who caught and continues to catch brickbats, while these Democratic heroes have somehow avoided media censure.

As Victor Lasky proves abundantly in his devastating book *It Didn't Start with Watergate* (Dial, \$10), there is no misdeed of which Nixon stood accused that was not committed by his predecessors. In proof of this contention, Lasky piles on the data from a score of sources: FDR's attempt to browbeat opponents of Lend-Lease, Kennedy's efforts to muzzle "the radical Right," Johnson's manic wiretapping of all and sundry. The sanctions employed included the FBI and CIA, the Internal Revenue, the Federal Communications Commission, and occasional squads of outside "plumbers." Foes of these Democratic regimes were bugged, surveilled, and wiretapped, subjected to audits and misuse of bank records, deprived of broadcast outlets, and otherwise threatened economically.

And always, everywhere, there was the cover-up, practiced ruthlessly and systematically, often abetted by the very press corps that later savaged Nixon. That cover-up, indeed, continues to this day. How many people are aware, for instance, that the office of Nixon's physician was broken into and Nixon's medical file ransacked during the 1972 election? Or that the '72 campaign was rife with "dirty tricks" by Democratic candidates—disruptive tactics, illicit funds, and the rest?

On the Watergate hearings them-

selves, an illuminating inside view is offered us by Fred D. Thompson, chief minority counsel to the Committee, in a memoir entitled *At That Point in Time* (Quadrangle, \$8.95). Thompson not only details the shocking, sieve-like leaks of anti-Nixon hearsay by Committee senators and staff, but also exposes the Democratic cover-up of misdoings by previous Presidents, data pointing to campaign irregularities on behalf of Hubert Humphrey and George McGovern, and an array of facts suggesting the Democrats and various journalists had foreknowledge of the Watergate break-in—subjects the minority staff attempted to pursue but which bored the majority to tears.

Thompson's book is especially useful for its verbatim extracts from secret reports by William C. Sullivan of the FBI, recalling the seamy political chores that had been handed to the agency by Johnson. Among these were such tasks as suppressing the Walter Jenkins mess, checking up on Spiro Agnew's phone calls, snooping on members of Barry Goldwater's staff, conducting surveillance of Anna Chennault, and otherwise keeping tabs on people who ran afoul of the Johnson White House. This material was kept on ice by the majority Democrats until Thompson managed to uncover it, and even then it got little attention.

MOST OF THE MEDIA, of course, were looking the other way when events of this sort were occurring. Here and there, however, a few courageous journalists called the shots as they were being fired. One such is Franklin B. Smith, editor of the *Burlington* (Vermont) *Free Press*, who constantly drew the attention of his readers to the media double standard as the Watergate imbroglio unfolded. His lucid, hard-hitting commentaries are now available in book form as *The Assassination of President Nixon* (Academy Books, Rutland, Vt., \$5.95). On the evidence supplied herein, the real offenders in the Watergate dispute are still at large. Perhaps these books will speed the day that they are brought to justice. □

BRIEFS

(Continued from page 625)

Tobias declined to issue a blanket condemnation of the man and chose instead to write a book which provides a nicely balanced portrait of this throwback to the the Gilded Age.

DAVID A. PIETRUSZA

BEYOND DETENTE: Toward an American Foreign Policy, by Paul Eidelberg (*Sherwood Sudgen*, 191 pp., \$9.95). Much of Eidelberg's reasoning echoes that of James Burnham. Both men hold that Communism as embodied in the Soviet Union is an ideology whose primary purpose was—and remains—the overthrow of republican government and of the free society it represents. Burnham sees "liberalism" as the primary factor contributing to the "contraction of the West," whereas Eidelberg sees moral relativism as undermining the "domain of liberty." Both men agree that Communist expansionism is antagonistic to the preservation of liberty, and that, short of a radical change in American foreign policy and its underlying philosophy, the United States and those other Western nations which maintain some semblance of free institutions are doomed to collapse from internal decadence and Soviet aggression. Throughout his work Eidelberg emphasizes that "detente" with Communist totalitarianism is a figment of the Western imagination, and that even paying lip service to such a concept serves exclusively to advance the Soviet Union at the expense of the United States. American foreign policy must be "rooted in truth, honor, and courage; a foreign policy that can tap the strengths and rally the loyalties of the American people," and generate "the enthusiasm necessary to defend this country against the dedicated disciples of another revolutionary document, the disciples of the *Communist Manifesto*." Eidelberg's call is not for a crusade against world Communism, but rather for a policy of "selective containment" that demonstrates to the world an attitude of "this we will not tolerate." He proposes a "politics of magnanimity," based on the conviction that our republican form of government is indeed "a more perfect union" than any other, and that policymakers therefore have a duty to cherish this form of government and to

preserve it from any force that threatens its existence. In order to accomplish this goal the statesman must "restore the moral and political self-confidence of the American people" so that the willingness to use force in defense of liberty—should that become necessary—will be as available in the 1970s as it was in 1776. In his analysis of Washington's Farewell Address, Eidelberg emphasizes the wisdom and prescience of the Founding Fathers. These men achieved peace because they valued liberty and freedom more than peace. They derived their faith and self-confidence from their reliance on a transcendent order, as all men must who seek to align themselves with the right and the good. Moral relativism cannot generate the necessary convictions; that can be accomplished only by a revitalization of what Eidelberg calls a "genial orthodoxy" but which might also be called traditional Western values stemming from our biblical/classical heritage: from what the Declaration of Independence refers to as the "Laws of Nature and Nature's God." Unless such a structure of belief is restored, the epitaph of freedom and republican government will be written in the not too distant future. Should the American people and their statesmen decide to reclaim their own, this wise and erudite book will provide invaluable aid.

DEIDRE SUSAN FAIN

READER'S SERVICE

HOW WELL WE SERVE YOU depends largely on whether you include your address label when you write us about your subscription. Please attach it to all correspondence. When moving, please give us 5 weeks notice, and paste your old address label here. Print new address below, including your ZIP code.

You may use this form to subscribe, renew, change your address—or for any other correspondence you may have with us. If you attach your mailing label at right, you will have helped us be both speedy and accurate.

REMEMBER

that Magazine and BULLETIN are on separate lists! If you are a subscriber to both, you must tell us to change both lists.

Address all inquiries or subscriptions to: National Review, Readers' Service, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

NAME

(Please print)

ADDRESS

(New address—if moving)

CITY

STATE

ZIP

☐ PLEASE CHANGE MY BULLETIN ADDRESS ALSO ☐ I wish to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW for one year at the regular \$19.00 rate. Please enter my ☐ new ☐ renewal subscription: ☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later.

SOLZHENITSYN

VISIONARY

A Limited Edition Lithograph Signed and Numbered by the Artist

New York artist Kathy Silva has captured the anguish and humanity of Solzhenitsyn with the exquisite dignity that distinguishes her work.

Visionary was Privately Commissioned to mark the Expulsion to the West. This exceptional rendering is now available as a Signed and Numbered Limited Edition. Each print is of superb quality . . . hand selected and approved; produced on the finest matte finish stock.



VISIONARY Kathy Silva
black on white 17 x 22

By arrangement with the artist, this premiere offering will extend through June 30, 1977. Orders will be filled in the sequence of receipt. Signed and numbered, \$28; unsigned, \$18. All prints shipped in protective, postal cylinder. Check or money order only. Mass. residents please add tax.

The Atlantic Shore Studio Collection
20 Leonard Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. 02138

Before you sell
your stamp collection
let us assess it.

Matthew Bennett
Buyers of Important Collections for Two Generations

31 W. Chesapeake, Baltimore, Md. 21204 / 301-823-3714.
Write or call: we'll come to you. Member ASDA, APS, SPA.

Classified Advertisements

Employment Opportunities

TEACHERS—ADMINISTRATORS. Current school, college opening list in U.S. \$5.95; Abroad: \$5.95. Principal, Headmaster openings \$4.95. Library openings \$4.95. Leading placement sources U.S. \$3.95; Foreign: \$4.95. EISK, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

NATIONAL REVIEW NEEDS a fast and accurate typist. Other Gal-Friday duties also included. Salary negotiable. Please write: National Review, Attn: Assistant Publisher, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

For Sale

GOLD BULLION AND COINS. No sales tax. Cash and carry. Cheshire National Bank, 15 Main Street, Keene, N.H. 03431 (Member FDIC).

MARVELOUS CASSETTE TAPE RECORDING of NR's famous 20th Anniversary Dinner, stars a "Who's Who" of conservative leaders, including: Wm. F. Buckley Jr., James L. Buckley, Barry Goldwater, Ronald Reagan, James Jackson Kilpatrick and more! For 90 minutes you will hear the history of NR and its effect on the political growth of conservatism in America. To obtain this rare collector's item (comes in its own plastic case) send \$9.95 to: NATIONAL REVIEW, Dept. 19, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. We pay all postage and handling.

TEE/SHIRTS AND SWEAT/SHIRTS: WFB, NATIONAL REVIEW and ST. THOMAS. Two sizes fit all: Large and Too Large. Tees \$6 and Sweats \$8 postpaid. Edmund Burke available Tees only. Decatur Shop, Ltd., North Adams, Mich. 49262.

Literary

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript and detailed booklet. Carlton Press, Dept. NRQ, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

PRACTICAL POLITICS, the Magazine of Electoral Behavior, Political Techniques, and Campaign Consulting, one year, \$9, write: Center for Practical Politics, Box 2495, Springfield, Ill. 62705.

SAMPLE TWELVE Big City Sunday Newspapers with subscription to Newspaper of Month Club. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Details: THE NATION'S PRESS, Box 12297NW, Kansas City, Mo. 64152.

NOTE: Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 65¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus \$1.50 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date.

BOOK SEARCHING. ALL SUBJECTS. Large Stock: lists on request. Regent House, 108 N. Roselake Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90026.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

ACCOMPLISHED PROFESSIONAL. Active, attractive ectomorph. M.S. tall, young 38. Stable, secure, happy with children, sincere. Unattached, close to earth and sea, seeks kindred female. Write NR Box 3040.

FOR REASONS THAT transcend Gloria Steinem's precepts, that outstrip Hugh Hefner's, Candy, you shine beautifully. How wonderful and how sad. May you one day experience a political epiphany. Then, maybe even Buckley will lust in his heart. Nonetheless, Candice Bergen, a happy birthday.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

Real Estate

TAX SHELTER, SILVER MINE, New Mexico. Geology excellent, assays average 97.59 oz./ton silver; 0.45/gold. Need \$150,000 to develop, will sell limited partnerships. Write NR Box 3039.

OLD WORLD CHARM, MODERN CONVENIENCE. Converted mill house, big brook, 7 acres of good level land, walks and vistas. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, center chimney construction with three working fireplaces. \$115,000. Superb 6-week rental inc. August, elegant house on 70 acres, striking views, 4 bedrooms, 4 baths. \$2,300. And for July, a chic country retreat (3 bedrooms) with pool. MARCIA L. BURNHAM & ASSOC., Kent, Conn. 203-927-3117, 927-3875.

Vacation

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET. Beresford Hotel, 635 Sutter Street, 94102; Charming, Convenient, Comfortable.

CYRANO, a 60' schooner, is available for three-month charters or on mutually satisfactory terms. Accommodates six in three staterooms plus separate crew's quarters. Sail in air-conditioned comfort with a professional captain and crew to the Bahamas or on the inland waterways of Florida. Write to Mrs. Flynn, Caribbean Enterprises, Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone: 212-679-7330.

Miscellaneous

BUY YOUR FOOD WHOLESALE. List of over 300 wholesale food suppliers. Send \$3.25 to: TDL Company, P. O. Box 2282, Stuart, Fla. 33494.

RECORD JACKETS. Replace old, torn, LP jackets with new, pure white cardboard jackets, 35¢ each. Plastic-lined inner sleeves, 15¢ each. Postage \$1.25. Other sizes available. 78 sleeves and opera boxes, all sizes. Free catalogue. CABCO NR77, Box 8212, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

SOS, the renowned (and unjustly maligned) military breakfast. For Gourmet Recipe send \$1.00 (one paltry dollar) and self-addressed, stamped envelope to: SOS, Dept. N, P.O. Box 1871, Mobile, Ala. 36601.

DISCOUNT WALLCOVERINGS—Liberal Savings for Conservative Shoppers. Strahan, Schumacher, Walltex, Sanitas. Any brand. Paper, vinyl, grasscloth, silks, designer handprints. Call with pattern number, rollage. Toll free: 800-245-1768. Pennsylvania residents call collect: 412-471-6942. American Discount Wallcoverings.

PERFECT GIFT FOR SOMEONE YOU KNOW! Membership in the Apathy Club of America. Includes certificate, membership card, and T-shirt (S, M, L, X-L). Ideal gift. \$8.95 ppd. Stillwater Shirt Works, 313½ South Washington, Stillwater, Okla. 74074.

LIVING ALONE? Cooking can be fun and easy. Book of recipes yours for \$3.00. Send to: COOKING-FOR-ONE, Box 291-N, Briarcliff, N.Y. 10510.

LOSING HAIR, GRAYING? Nutritional discovery darkens, brings new growth! Copyrighted plan \$7.50, guaranteed. Nutrition, 4217 Spaulding, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53208.

INCENSE HANDCRAFTED in Texas. Unusual, discriminating gift for friends. Sampler assortment of all our 27 flavors, catalogue and special advanced design burner \$4.00. Incense Of The Linga Sharira, P. O. Box 12352A, Austin, Tex. 78711.

GOLF CLUBS—1977 MODELS. Wilson 1200's (3&9): \$330. Wilson Staff (3&9): \$316. Ping (3&9): \$342. Prices on other six furnished upon request. Send check & specifications to: JUG TAVERN GOLF SHOP, P. O. Box 307, Winder, Ga. 30680. Estab. 1960. Phone: 404-867-4415. Ref. Bank of Barrow, Winder, Ga.

MOVEMENT, SOUND, Reading Readiness, for young and exceptional children. \$3.25 prepaid: Prince Publications, 107 Ashland, River Forest, Ill. 60305.

DISCOVER YOUR AMERICAN HERITAGE. Learn about your pioneer, revolutionary and colonial ancestors. Complete genealogical research services. John Douglas Gilham, Box 11071, Salt Lake City, Utah 84147.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN coffee liqueur for half the price. An exotic after-dinner liqueur. Delicious in and on desserts. \$3.00. Write NR Box 3026.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

ROB[er]t C. TYSON:

Address at Samford
U[niversity].

Work to be done is infinite. . . . The fact that people worked twelve hours a day around the turn of the century is called economic slavery; the fact that some people currently work fourteen hours a day on two jobs is called moonlighting.

If it's worth saying...

Exactly. If your organization has something important to say, it's certainly worth saying it well. And nobody can say it better than one of these outstanding conservative speakers. Any one of them.

- William A. Rusher
- Russell Kirk
- M. Stanton Evans
- Jeffrey Hart
- Ernest van den Haag
- D. Keith Mano
- Peter P. Witonski
- David Brudnoy
- J. Daniel Mahoney
- Cornelius J. Troost
- John Kiley
- F. Clifton White
- Robert K. Dornan
- Lev Navrozov
- Geoffrey Wagner

As you can see, locating the right speaker is no problem when you deal with Catherine Babcock. Just tell us the name of your organization, when your meeting is scheduled, and which of these fine speakers you would like to address your meeting, and we'll take it from there.

Write
today
to:

Catherine Babcock,
INC.

544 Southside Rd.
Virginia Beach, Va. 23451
PHONE: (804) 428-3301

CHAMBERLAIN (Continued from page 610)

with a nagging fear that the plane and the rocket (he had had a hand in promoting Dr. Robert Goddard's rocketry development) might, by annihilating distance, end up homogenizing the planet in either of two disastrous ways: wiping out the balance between civilization and wildness or creating a universal desert by the use of plane-delivered or rocket-fired atomic explosives.

Quietly, in his later years, Lindbergh worked to save endangered animal species and primitive human tribes. I heard him tell a remarkable story about persuading a whaling company to cease pursuing the blue whale. I shouldn't have done it, for I knew his feeling about publicity, but I could not resist writing a column about it. For the blue whale's sake if not for his, publicity was needed. And at the very end, Lindbergh himself realized he must speak out in public for his conservationist concerns. He let Alden Whitman of the *Times* make a tour with him, and he helped an NBC crew make a film on the Stone Age Tasadays in the Philippines to raise money for the Tasadays' protection.

When cancer of the lymphatic system struck him down at the age of 72, he had virtually completed his essayistic *Autobiography of Values*. In prose that rivals his wife's for sensitivity to the natural world, he has spoken his fears and his hopes. Despite his poor marks during the two years he spent in college, he always could write. His reports of his forced parachute jumps as an airmail pilot in the early Twenties are models of succinct English. But in the *Autobiography of Values*, as in his earlier *The Spirit of St. Louis* and *War Diaries*, he combines a brooding awareness of mysteries with a style that can set a whole scene before his readers in beautifully rhythmic words.

"Hiroshima," he writes as he recalls his flight in 1947 over the site of the first atomic bombing,

lies flat and peaceful between plumed mountain ranges and the island-studded beauty of Japan's Inland Sea. . . . Two years have passed since the bomb was dropped. The aged mountains, the nestling city, the calm sea, all the crystal tranquillity beneath me—it seems impossible that the people here witnessed the horror of that August day when an airplane roared overhead, barely specking the sky, yet leaving behind it excruciating pain and

devastation. There is no sign to mark the gigantic mushroom cloud that once towered in the sky, no sign except, when I look more carefully, the shades on the earth below.

To see the terror of past war, an airman's eye must translate shadings. A city, like a human face, can show the pallor of death. A grey-ash saucer, a mile or so in width, marks the blasted, radiated, and heat-shriveled earth of Hiroshima. Surrounding it is a black halo of undamaged roots on the outskirts . . . [where] newly built buildings . . . have sprung up like fungi. Inside that grey saucer more than seventy thousand men, women, and children were killed . . . from words of command—from the pressure of buttons . . .

A changed environment has sprung from scientific knowledge.

Lindbergh never turned his back on science. But he had become increasingly aware, as he reached his sixties, of the "mysteries beyond scientific research." He had always been open to wonder about the origins of the natural world, but he ends *Autobiography of Values* in what many will consider pure mysticism. Speculating on the possibility of spiritual voyages, he wrote:

In these vaguely apprehended azimuths, I think the great adventures of the future lie—in voyages inconceivable by our twentieth century rationality—beyond the solar system, through distant galaxies. . . . We will then find life to be only a stage, though an essential one, in a cosmic evolution of which our developing consciousness is beginning to become aware. . . . Sensory perception must combine with the extra-sensory, and I suspect the two will prove to be different faces of each other.

This incursion into the occult would not have enabled the *Spirit of St. Louis* to hit Le Bourget on the nose, and it would not bring the 5:24 P.M. train from Grand Central to Darien, Conn. on schedule. But it was Lindbergh's final way of saying there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than making planes and trains run on time. □

**BEAT THE
DICE TABLES**

Make Dough... Like a PRO
in all Legalized Casinos
Place only 5 bets.

All numbers are in your favor including 7
2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
You win every roll!

FREE DETAILS! M. C. CORBIN Dept. NAT-5
Box 869, Radio City Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10019

Arthur Schlesinger at Camelot

On The Right

New York, May 20—The boys who gave us the Freedom of Information Act have showered us with unexpected blessings. For instance, we begin to get a real feel for how the Knights of the Round Table addressed King John, back in Camelot. Truly King John was a fine and graceful man, who inspired copious draughts of homage from his knights. Here, for instance, is a Secret Memorandum from Sir Arthur Schlesinger, addressed to the King, on the subject of how to handle PR during and after their impending engagement against Cuba in 1961. It shows that the courtly style of communication has not changed substantially since the days when Sir Lancelot addressed King Arthur.

"In the days since January 20," wrote Sir Arthur to his sire, "your Administration has changed the face of American foreign policy. The soberness of style, the absence of cold war clichés, the lack of self-righteousness and sermonizing, the impressive combination of reasonableness and firmness, the generosity to new ideas, the dedication to social progress, the tough-minded idealism of purpose" ("Fill Sir Arthur's glass," I can hear the gentle King saying to the steward) "—all these factors have transformed the 'image' of the United States before the world."

SINCE THIS memorandum was written on April 10—11 weeks after King John had taken power—you would think the new court would have got over the awful monster Eisenhower who preceded them. But Sir Arthur would make sure, even though there were pressing matters to discuss—the Bay of Pigs was only one week away—that King John should know how happy was the contrast. "People around the world have forgotten the muddling and moralizing conservatism of the Eisenhower period with surprising speed." Indeed. And with surprising speed the world was soon to forget what it was like, under Ike, not to be fighting wars.

Eventually Sir Arthur got down to business. The Bay of Pigs was planned, and Sir Arthur feared it might boom-

erang. *Very* important to prepare the PR. "If Castro [wins the engagement and] flies a group of captured Cubans to New York to testify that they were organized and trained by CIA, we will have to be prepared to show that the alleged CIA personnel were errant idealists or soldiers-of-fortune working on their own." In later years, a successor courtier would call that stonewalling. And the very same errant idealists, a decade later, pried their way into Watergate.

SIR ARTHUR suggested the need for diversionary action in some other theater. "Could not something be done against the Dominican Republic in the next few days?—some new call for action against the Trujillo tyranny?" Why not? Wish we had thought of that.

King John was not himself to be caught out lying. "When lies must be told," Sir Arthur wrote, "they should be told by subordinate officials." That's chivalry, if ever we saw it! In fact, maybe King John should arrange to be out at Chevy Chase playing golf when the invasion actually begins? "There seems to be merit in [the] suggestion that someone other than the President make the final decision and do so in his absence—someone whose head can later be placed on the block if things go terribly wrong." King John, feeling his throat tenderly, must have been especially grateful for the solicitude and loyalty and fraternity of his humble servant, Sir Arthur.

In my next dispatch (below), I shall reproduce a "press conference" as recommended by Arthur Schlesinger to John F. Kennedy in the event the Bay of Pigs went sour. If Nixon had had Sir Arthur at his side, giving such top-quality advice, Nixon would still be President. Sir Arthur would have figured out a way to repeal the two-term Amendment, so that the world might have continued to enjoy the soberness of style, the absence of cold war clichés, the lack of self-righteousness and sermonizing, the impressive combination of reasonableness and firmness, the generosity to new ideas, the

dedication to social progress, the tough-minded idealism of purpose. Gee. Where was Arthur when King Richard needed him so badly? □

LYING: A QUICK LESSON

New York, May 4
—The memorandum written for President Kennedy by his

aide, Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr., one week before the Bay of Pigs, makes excellent reading in a season in which there is evidence that people are groping for historical perspectives about Nixon. This week there will be the Nixon broadcasts with David Frost. Last week, Victor Lasky published his book *It Didn't Start with Watergate*. My modest contribution is the Schlesinger memorandum.

Schlesinger, days before the invasion, is troubled that Kennedy's direct sponsorship of the Bay of Pigs may be discovered by the Woodward and Bernsteins of 1961. He writes out the kind of press conference President Kennedy might expect, supplying the most appropriate answers to the most embarrassing questions for his boss:

"Q. Mr. President, can you tell us about the reported invasion of Cuba this morning?

"A. We are doing our best to get the exact facts. So far as I can tell at present, a number of opponents of the Castro regime have landed on Cuba. I understand that the Revolutionary Council is trying to make contact with these people." How're we doing? Could Nixon have improved on that one? No sir, this is Grade A, Harvard BA, Harvard PhD Quality Lying. There is more:

"Q. Sir, according to the newspapers the rebel forces were trained in American camps and supplied by American agencies.

"A. There have been many thousands of Cuban refugees in Florida in these last months. I have no doubt that many of them have been determined to do what they can at the earliest possible moment to restore freedom to their homeland. They have the sym-

pathy of American citizens in this effort—just as the forces of Castro enjoyed similar sympathy three years ago when they were conducting their rebellion against Batista. I suppose that, just as the Castro forces got money and arms from sources in the United States, these new rebels may well have too. But, so far as I can tell, this is a purely Cuban operation. I doubt whether Cuba's patriots in exile would have to be stimulated and organized by the United States in order to persuade them to liberate their nation from a Communist dictator." Can you imagine what the Watergate Committee, or John Doar's Impeachment Committee, would have managed to do with that one?

"Q. Mr. President, is CIA involved in this affair?

"A. As I said a moment ago, I imagine that elements in the United States helped these opponents of Castro, as they helped Castro himself in 1958. I can assure you that the United States Government has no intention of using force to overthrow the Castro regime or contributing force to that purpose unless compelled to do so in the interests of self-defense." That is what one might call the Smoking Gun. But hark! Arthur Schlesinger was worried about it, because he added in brackets, "[Hardly satisfactory: it is imperative that a better formula be worked out before your next press conference.]" It would of course have been better still if, before the next press conference, a better invasion had been worked out.

"Q. Mr. President, would you say that, so far as Cuba is concerned, the U.S. has been faithful to its treaty pledges against intervention in other countries? Would you say that it has resolutely enforced the laws forbidding the use of U.S. territory to prepare revolutionary action against another state?"

Guess what answer Arthur Schlesinger supplied to that question in his memo to the boss? I quote it exactly as it appears in the secret document:

"A."

EVEN MR. SCHLESINGER had exhausted his reserves of artifice. He had coached the President on how to lie about everything involving the U.S. sponsorship of the Bay of Pigs invasion. But he got stuck on that one point, how to answer that one tricky question. Would that exchange have served as a candidate for an 18½-minute dubbed-out tape?

Well, we all know what happened. Kennedy launched the Bay of Pigs, and it became obvious that the invaders had

been trained and directed by the U.S. Government. He then went to the people—and told them the truth; and survived. If he had gone to the people and given such a speech as Schlesinger recommended in his memo, he'd have been as guilty as Nixon. But such memos as in the public mind are identified with the kind of people attracted to Nixon, we see now were quite routinely written by the kind of people attracted to—JFK. My, how history repeats itself, especially at the hands of historians. □

DANCING IN THE DARK

New York, May
12—Although, like
most people my age,
I have been around,

I have not arrived at a position concerning the proper, let alone the desirable, social posture between diplomats negotiating on behalf of their countries when one such country is a free country, and the other totalitarian. The problem is of course more acute when the countries in question have engaged in a bitter war. And yet more acute when the free country has been defeated. Churchill's famous epigraph was, "In War: Resolution. In Defeat: Defiance. In Victory: Magnanimity. In Peace: Good Will." Today's headline is, "U.S. and Hanoi Open/ 'Frank' Talks Aimed/ At Normalizing Ties./ 3½-Hour Session in Paris/ Is Called 'Friendly and Useful.'"

LET US SUPPOSE that Hitler had defeated Great Britain, which by all accounts he very nearly did. And let us suppose that Churchill's counsel to defiance had proved as unrealistic as the counsel to defiance in Poland, or elsewhere in Eastern Europe, proved to be. And suppose then that our representative met in Geneva the representative of the Third Reich. Would we expect to read that the meeting of the two diplomats had been "friendly" and "useful"? I ask the question, for once, not knowing exactly what is the proper answer. Is it possible to have diplomatic ties if the relations between the diplomats are less than that? In fact it was so for about a dozen years with the Soviet Union, after the breakdown of the partnership in World War Two. How was it expressed? Through a studied formality (Eisenhower declining to smile publicly in the presence of Khrushchev in 1959). Through a refusal to participate in each other's national feast days (we didn't attend their October party, they didn't attend our Fourth of July).

When Richard Nixon went to China in 1972 it was not known exactly how

he would act, though the scheduled banquets presaged a certain degree of conviviality. Nixon turned the occasion into an ecumenical honeymoon. One recalls the caption under the cartoon of Prime Minister Eden visiting with President Eisenhower in 1955 and sitting, dressed in old country clothes, on a park bench outside the White House, Eden as the old lady. "Darling?" "What, darling?" "Nothing, darling. Just darling, darling." In Peking, Richard Nixon managed to compare Mao's revolution with George Washington's, and promised that we would engage in a "long march together." That was the equivalent of promising, in Moscow, that we would share an October revolution together.

Now, in Paris, the representative of North Vietnam meets the representative of the United States, a power it defeated. Just as there is no Defiance on the part of the United States, there is no marked Magnanimity on the part of North Vietnam—whose representative, Nhan Dan, said that "the U.S. contribution to healing the wounds of war is an undeniable obligation in terms of the legality of the Paris agreement on Vietnam, international law, morality, and human conscience. The U.S. conducted a war of genocide in Vietnam, with very serious consequences for the life of the Vietnamese people both now and in the future." Hitler, of course, might have uttered exactly the same words, although against Hitler we used more weapons of genocidal impact than we did against the North Vietnamese. Would we, in Geneva in 1945, have swallowed such a description of a war to save Europe from Hitler in the "friendly" manner characterized by the dispatch?

Later in the day Henry Kissinger, lecturing in Washington, termed "absurd" the suggestion that the Vietnamese had any right to economic help. He is of course correct, the Vietnamese having exuberantly violated the painfully wrought Treaty of Paris, and the United States having become incapacitated by Watergate from making effective protest.

It is difficult to answer the question how to maintain one's dignity in the circumstances. One's dignity is not merely a self-serving concern. It is an affirmation of ideals that survive, or ought to survive, defeat on the battlefield. The United States, having fought to give South Vietnam an opportunity to be free and independent, must not deal now insouciantly with the question, must not proceed as though it didn't really ever matter. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

DEFINITIONS

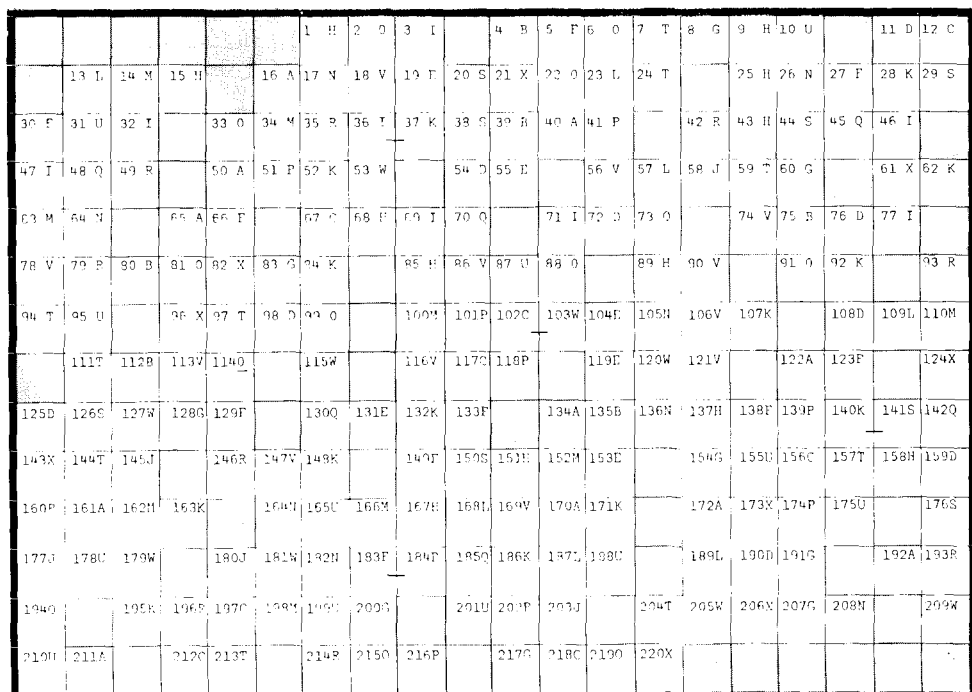
A. What people in Hollywood eat a lot of	50 40 211 122 161 170 192 16 65 134 172
B. When to visit the American Automobile Association after today	80 112 135 4 39 75
C. The state of an outlaw's mate	102 67 12 156 197 218 117 212
D. Ornamented	125 76 108 98 11 72 54 190 159
E. One of Indonesia's islands	131 55 19 119 104 153
F. Moving awkwardly, jerkily, or laboriously	138 66 123 27 149 183 5 129 133 30
G. A city in Arapahoe County, Colo.	154 83 60 128 207 217 191 8 200
H. Excision of skin for the elimination of wrinkles	167 43 158 1 25 68 85 137 89 151 9 15
I. STEW HEBE	32 36 46 69 77 47 3 71
J. Ill winds that nobody blows good	177 180 58 203 145
K. French for "act responsibly if you're well-to-do"	186 92 37 52 84 107 132 140 148 195 28 62 163 171
L. Affluent	189 187 13 57 23 109 168

M. How medicine may be administered	198 162 100 166 152 63 34 110 14
N. Where after dinner speeches are often made	208 136 26 182 64 164 17 105
O. Chaff-flower	99 2 6 114 22 33 81 88 91
P. To set up (not drinks!)	216 174 118 101 184 139 51 41 202
Q. Coleorhiza	219 142 185 194 45 215 130 70 73 48
R. A fondness for candy	35 146 193 196 214 42 49 79 93 160
S. What some traffic is	44 20 126 141 38 29 150 176
T. Remarkable	59 97 111 144 204 213 157 7 94 24
U. This number should be kept in mind nowadays	87 31 155 175 199 201 10 188 95 165 178 210
V. American author and news commentator (no doubt named for poet who died year before his birth)	116 90 74 106 86 113 121 147 169 18 56 78
W. City on Lake Erie in Ohio county of same name	209 179 205 127 181 103 120 53 115
X. Prominent	61 206 124 173 220 143 82 96 21

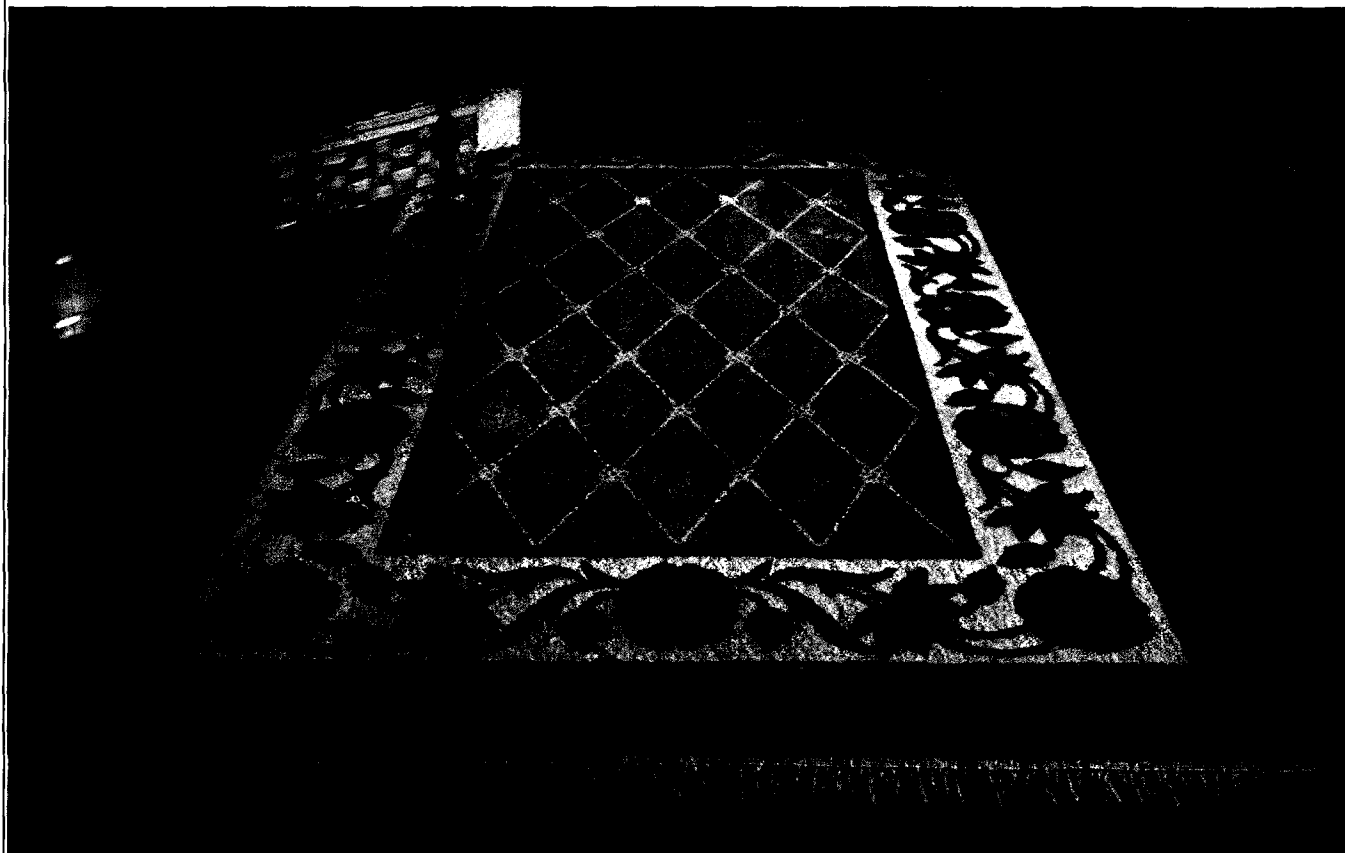
DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acoustic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 628 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



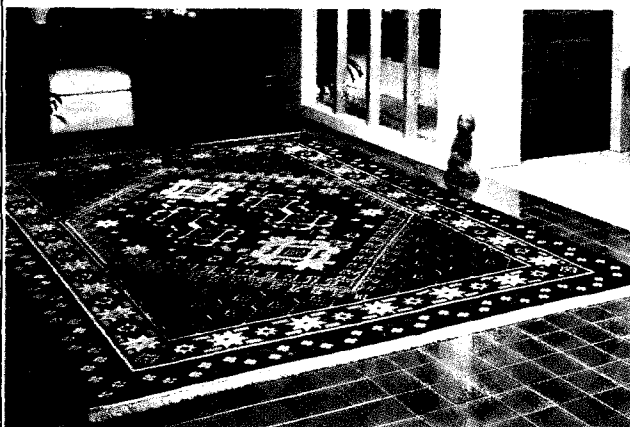
Milliken announces works of art you can step on.



There's no better way to describe our area rugs.

That's why you'll want to make one of them your area rug.

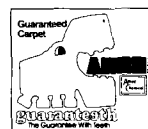
Take the Lorraine, for example. It's a simple, but elegant 18th century French design. And it comes in rich, deep antique colors of Grey, Coral, Celadon, Blue and Brown.



Then there's the Mazagan.

A stylized Moroccan rug that will remind you of the ones that are woven by the nomadic tribes of North Africa. It comes in Rabat Red, Oran Orange, Marakesh Black, Berber Brown and Mogodor Green.

Both rugs are made from 100% Anso Nylon, with a five year wear guarantee. And you can get them in 4x6, 6x9 and 9x12 sizes.



They're beautiful enough to hang in a gallery. And priced low enough to put on your floor.

Milliken area rugs. The most affordable works of art you've ever seen. Or stepped on.

 **MILLIKEN**

Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.6
Brand C Non-Filter	23	1.4
Brand W	19	1.2
Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than *1	*0.1

* Av. per cigarette by FTC method



Soft pack-1 mg.
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box*-less than 1 mg.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton 70: less than 0.5 mg. tar,
.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76
Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.